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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1911.

The Week

President Taft has chosen an extraordinary time and place to assemble one-quarter of the army for "manœuvres." In the semi-official explanation published Tuesday the step is said to be due to a desire to meet the charge that the army is not ready for active service—and then the troops are ordered to the Mexican boundary along which the Mexican Government is endeavoring to suppress a revolution that grows rather more than less serious as time passes. We should all understand what it meant if Russia were to assemble troops for "manœuvre" purposes on the Turkish boundary during a serious Turkish revolution. The suddenness of Mr. Taft's move will, moreover, inevitably make people believe that the alleged excuse is a transparent sham and that possession of important information as to actual conditions in Mexico is the real reason for the action. Why this remarkable step should have been taken so spectacularly—even the fleet being drawn in—would also seem to deserve an explanation. The regiments could have been ordered out one at a time; the ships could have reached Texas harbors by leisurely stages via Guantanamo. But the celerity of the whole movement, which includes the hasty assembling and dispatching of a regiment of marines, will disquiet the country. Of course, if it is merely a combination of a practice movement and a reinforcement of the boundary guards to prevent more arms and men being sent into Mexico from the United States, that is one thing. If only this is meant, Mr. Taft would have done well to have stated so officially at once.

Secretary Ballinger's resignation removes a load from the Taft Administration. The President himself early came to the conclusion that Mr. Ballinger was the victim of persecution, and it is to this feeling that we are constrained to ascribe Mr. Taft's persistence in adhering to a man whose unfitness for the Secretaryship of the Interior has been amply demonstrated. But the news of Mr. Ballinger's resignation is not more

important than that of the choice made for his successor. Mr. Walter L. Fisher of Chicago, whom Mr. Taft names as the new Secretary, is a lawyer of the highest standing, and a man whose patriotic interest in public affairs has been manifested in a variety of ways. The country can now take it for granted that the management of the nation's possessions in charge of the Interior Department will be vigorously conducted. To this end, it is necessary to have at the head of that Department a man who is not merely free from any suspicion of positive scandal, but who is sure to be aggressively vigilant in the protection of the public interests. Stripped of doubtful matter, the case against Ballinger consisted in denial of his fidelity to this standard; and in the judgment of most impartial critics that case was made out.

If we search the scroll of American history for instances where party spirit stooped to pay homage to preëminent virtue, we hit upon the election of George Washington to the Presidency and the election of William E. Lorimer to the United States Senate. On Sunday the Illinois statesman returned to Chicago like an army with banners. Fifty thousand spectators, without distinction of political creed, cheered him from the sidewalks, and three hundred automobiles, without distinction of make, fell in behind his triumphal car. Let not the cynic philosopher be hurried into saying that if the vote in the Senate had been 46 to 40 against Lorimer instead of for him, Sunday's procession would not have taken place. Senator Lorimer was modest when he declared, in his speech of defence, that he was proud of having wiped out the distinction between Democrat and Republican among his constituents. He might have gone on to claim the much higher honor of having wiped out among a good many people in Illinois the sense of all distinction between right and wrong.

Senator Bailey's exhibition of childishness by resigning in a huff on Saturday and then withdrawing his resignation, will still further alienate from him the public regard. With his great

legal abilities and oratorical talents Mr. Bailey once bade fair to stand very high in popular esteem and the national councils. But merely because his party associates do not go so far as he does in his antipathy to the initiative, referendum, and recall, which he describes as "socialistic measures," he is willing to quit public office, and the noble Governor of Texas says that he, too, will take his dolls and play no longer if such radical innovations in political procedure should confront him. How statesmanlike, how courageous! No dying in the last ditch for Senator Bailey! Or is it that Mr. Bailey has turned Christian Scientist and would give these political fallacies absent treatment from outside the political arena? We can only say that if a referendum were taken to-day of all those citizens who wish that Mr. Bailey had not withdrawn his resignation, there would be a vote which would intensify his dislike of the recall.

Chicago now has the best chance she has had in years to elect a Mayor who will be something more than a politician. The impressive victory of Charles E. Merriam for the Republican nomination over four competitors by a plurality of 25,000 is doubtless due in part to the failure of the party bosses to agree on a candidate against him, but this is only a favorable augury for him in the April election. As one of the few instances of the college professor in politics, and municipal politics at that, Alderman Merriam has won a national reputation by his insistence upon honesty and efficiency in the conduct of the public business. His election would enable him to give effect to the recommendations of the investigating commission which unearthed bad conditions a few years ago, and of which he was the head. On the Democratic side, there was no such candidate, and the result of the primary is merely the triumph of the strongest faction. Carter H. Harrison, the four-time Mayor, has obtained a narrow victory in a triangular contest in which his leading opponent owed much of his strength to his endorsement by Roger Sullivan. Harrison himself seems to have made an alliance with the most disreputable elements of the

city, although he must have received many votes because of his cheaper-gas and anti-corporation "issues." The joyful celebration of his victory by the followers of "Hinky Dink" Kenna and "Bathhouse" John Coughlin is the sinister indication of the stick with which he is tarred. His last election as Mayor was by the small margin of 7,000 votes.

The cost of the direct primary in Chicago does not appall its champions in Baltimore, in which city the direct primary has been an integral part of the reform that has raised political conditions above those which prevailed in the old Gorman-Rasin days. As the *Baltimore Sun* very sensibly points out, that part of the Chicago expenditure which consisted in enormous outlays by the candidates should be made impossible by law, while as for the part that falls upon the city, which was about the same per head of the population in Chicago as it is in Baltimore, "the results attained are cheap at the price. A good Mayor is a splendid economy, and is cheap at almost any price." The Baltimore Democratic boss is going to try to unhorse the present Mayor, Mr. Mahool, in the municipal primary election to be held a month hence, and the contest promises to be one of the most interesting that have taken place in that city. There can be no question that the interest in municipal politics on the part of the best citizenship of Baltimore has heightened since the introduction of the direct primary system.

City government by commission has received the endorsement of the Buffalo Chamber of Commerce. By a vote of 318 to 31 the "campaign of education" that has been carried on reached its climax, the plan having previously been endorsed by twenty-two of the leading commercial associations. The effect of the vote is to commit the Chamber to using its influence for the passage of the commission-charter bill, providing for a special election upon the question of the adoption of the new system. The bill lodges the power of passing ordinances and administering the city's affairs in a Council composed of the Mayor and four Councilmen. Candidates for these positions are to be presented for nomination by petition, signed by not less than three hundred electors. The two candidates receiving

the highest number of votes for Mayor and the eight candidates receiving the highest number for Councilmen, in the official primary, become the nominees to be voted upon finally. The distinction of the Mayor, who is without a veto, is his headship of the Department of Public Safety, which includes the police, fire, and health departments. All city officers and employees are appointed by the Council, subject to civil-service regulations; initiative, referendum, and recall are provided for; and the granting of franchises is expressly reserved to the citizens, the expense of a special election being borne by applicants for the franchise.

That Ruef has actually at last entered upon his fourteen years' term in prison is news of not less than national importance. No single scandal in recent years has been so disgraceful as that attaching to the infamous conditions in California of which the San Francisco boss was the centre; and perhaps the most depressing part even of that depressing history has been the way in which some of the California courts have permitted themselves to be made instruments for the defeat of justice. A short time ago the Supreme Court of California granted Ruef a rehearing on some technicality; and now they have managed to find another technicality that has permitted them to reverse their former decision and let the law take its course without further foolishness. When the whole political system of a State becomes so permeated with rotteness as has been the case in California it is absurd to suppose that courts can be wholly unaffected; and we suspect that the new virtue of the Supreme Court has come not from any well-spring of legal learning, nor yet from any fortunate accident in the way of the presence or absence of a judge, but from the toning up of the atmosphere that came with the election of Gov. Johnson. California seems at last to be entering upon a better era, and the heroic work of Older, Heney, and the others who fought the powers of darkness and seemed for a time to have lost, has not been in vain.

However triumphant the United Mine Workers may feel over their success in forcing their ablest representative to surrender his opportunities as a mem-

ber of the National Civic Federation, outsiders will regard the victory as dearly bought. Mr. John Mitchell evidently made the difficult choice with regret, and there need be no questioning of his motives; but it does not speak well for the miners that they should have applied the "closed shop" to one of the most hopeful movements for the conservation of industrial peace. The natural interpretation of their action in making membership with them contingent upon non-membership in the Federation is that they wish to be understood as depending upon their fighting ability rather than upon any form of mediation. This is to throw away, or to hand over to the employing corporations, one of their most effective weapons. The public sympathy which has meant much for the miners hitherto has been won in no slight degree by the spectacle of employees professing their willingness to submit their case to impartial judges, with their employers evincing a stubborn reluctance to adopt the same course.

Upon the tragic aspects of the death of Mr. John Carrère it is unnecessary to dwell. They carry their own pang. It seems beyond question that recklessness amounting to criminality, on the part of his chauffeur, was the cause of the accident which killed him. When such a life is blotted out in the purely avoidable perils of our city streets, it certainly reinforces with the utmost solemnity the argument for regulating the operation of street-cars and automobiles in the most stringent fashion. Of Mr. Carrère's high professional attainment we need say nothing here. He has left enduring monuments to it. And his personal charm and worth will live long in the memory of his friends. It is pleasant to note also, in the tributes to him, the warm appreciation of his public spirit. He was not only an architect; he was a citizen, and the beautifying and bettering of the city really meant more to him than his successes in his profession.

A fitting feature of the campaign for increased endowment of Johns Hopkins University is the movement among former students of the Greek department to provide a Gildersleeve Classical Library fund. There are scores of men

all over the land who would not hesitate to say that the privilege of knowing Professor Gildersleeve in his chosen field, and the power to appreciate his genial Hellenic culture, would constitute ample justification for all the hours given to the study of Greek. Certain temporary freaks in philological studies have led many into the apparent belief that the natural effect of devotion to "the humanities" is to dehumanize, but Professor Gildersleeve has shown it possible to put human feeling into so seemingly forbidding a receptacle as a Latin grammar; while every reader of the *American Journal of Philology* knows that the learning which flows into his editorial department under the heading of "Brief Mention" sparkles with some of the most charming wit and humor to be found in the entire realm of periodical literature.

The protest raised by certain Irish members of the Worcester High School board of trustees against an historical text-book which makes St. Patrick a native of England, reminds us that the time is ripe for the organization of an institution of Tailor-Made History, where any person or any community may have its text-books written in accordance with definite specifications. This is not so striking an innovation as may appear at first sight. Let it be recalled that there are really very few unquestioned facts in history, and these undoubtedly stand unchallenged because people have grown tired of questioning them. From the very beginnings of the art, history has been written to support a national, racial, or party thesis. Not infrequently it has been written to please a single individual. If the modern school-boy finds the catalogue of ships in the *Iliad* a trifle monotonous, the explanation is that Homer felt in honor bound to assign a place in the Trojan war to the ancestor of every Greek squire who supplied the itinerant bard with a good meal and a bed for the night. If there are enough people in the South who wish it put on record that Vicksburg was a Southern victory and that Mr. Lincoln was a secret adherent of the Mohammedan faith, why not do it? And so with St. Patrick. Why not have him born in Ireland in the interests of good feeling? For that matter, why not have him born at Worcester?

The verdict in the case of the friar lands in the Philippines rendered recently by the Republican majority and minority of the House Committee on Insular Affairs, "vindicates" the Government, but plainly conveys the warning, "Don't do it again." A third report, that of the Democratic minority, is yet to be heard, and it may be as convincing to the country as was the minority report in the Lorimer case. So far as the majority is concerned, it upholds the Government's contention that the organic law which prescribes that no citizen can buy above forty acres and no corporation can buy above 2,500 acres did not apply to the friar lands subsequently purchased by Mr. Taft. Perhaps it did not; perhaps there was a legal technicality permitting the sale of larger parcels, but the proper attitude for the Government, we still maintain, would have been to follow the spirit of the organic law and not to violate it because it had some lands it could dispose of in large amounts. It is simply a matter of checkmating special privilege in the Philippines. On his last visit to New York, Governor-General Forbes made it his business to encourage large financial interests to take hold of things in the Philippines—at the very time when the people of this country are endeavoring to shake certain interests out of their too close relations to politics and government. It is merely a question whether the Philippines are to be held for the Filipinos or to be exploited for the benefit of our Trusts. As the minority recommends, Congress should promptly apply the organic law to what remains of the friar lands.

The English Unionists have fallen into an extraordinary state of confusion. The erstwhile dominant party might almost be described to-day as a party without leadership, without principles, and without a programme. The condition cannot be described as one of panic, because panic means a very real state of fear of some very definite object. But the Unionists as a body are not even seriously afraid of anything in particular. Home Rule has failed to galvanize the old passions into new life. Some wild newspaper threats there have been of Ulster insurrections, but no one seems to have taken them seriously except the reporter who prophesied them, presumably at space rates. Other Unionist is-

suues have fared no better than Home Rule. The referendum was never a healthy child; if, indeed, according to the *Morning Post*, it did not come into the world stillborn. Imperial Preference, according to latest reports, has been pitched overboard by the *Daily Mail*; with it goes, presumably, the whole business of Tariff Reform. Unionist opinion on the reform of the House of Lords is a welter; like men doomed, the peers are speaking with many tongues. Worst of all for the Conservatives is the way in which they have exposed themselves to the charge of not keeping faith with the country. Lord Rosebery's ante-election scheme of Upper House reform, like Mr. Balfour's ante-election referendum, has not the backing of the party, and, in the eyes of Mr. David Lloyd George, falls into the class of the unsuccessful election "dodge."

Absolute cohesiveness does not characterize the new French Ministry. M. Jaurès and his followers are represented as receiving the Cabinet with hearty approval. Yet the most conspicuous among the new Ministers is Delcassé, who stands for an aggressive foreign policy, such as the Socialists oppose, and is regarded with special disfavor in Germany, with which M. Jaurès has long urged his countrymen to come to a friendly understanding. The Monis Cabinet, therefore, clearly shows the haste with which it was put together. It is not exactly a composite Cabinet, since the Radical element in it, counting by mere numbers, is predominant. It was bound to be that, under the existing party alignment in Parliament. But the presence of Delcassé in the Cabinet is a gage to the moderate section of the Government majority. With Delcassé putting new life into the badly disorganized Naval Department, and influencing foreign policy by virtue of his former services, the new Monis Cabinet will have gone far toward meeting the demand from conservative Republican ranks for a more efficient policy of national defence. On the other hand, through M. Caillaux, the father of the Income Tax bill, passed by the Chamber, and now being debated in the Senate, and through Paul Boncour, an advocate of the obligatory organization of Government employees into trade-unions, a good-sized olive branch has been extended to the Extreme Left.

ENMITIES WITHOUT PRINCIPLES.

Close observers of the clashes and turmoil with which the session of Congress has ended must have been reminded of Macaulay's description, in his essay on Chatham, of the confusion of English parties during the latter half of the eighteenth century. Whig and Tory fought with the ferocity of the beings that Dante saw struggling in Malebolge, yet like them "each gradually took the shape and color of its foe." The explanation was, according to Macaulay, that "it is the nature of parties to retain their original enmities far more firmly than their original principles." To-day at Washington there may be some doubt about the principles exhibited, but there can be none about the enmities. Party lines are broken across in both Senate and House on one subject after another; political convictions seem to be put on and off as easily as an old glove; but personal bitterness and animosity between factions are intense almost beyond precedent.

Something of this may be charitably attributed to the overwrought nerves of Congressmen. The crowded hours of glorious life in the last days of an expiring session bring their inevitable strain. The sweet tempers of Senators may be made temporarily irascible by laborious days and nights with no sleep except in cat-naps. And there is also the upsetting effect of legislative uncertainties; the struggle over what bills to jettison and what to cling to; manoeuvres for position; the secret conferring and plotting and the perfecting of "gentlemen's agreements" which enrage even those making them—to say nothing of the others. All these nerve-racking and manners-destroying disturbances of a dying Congress must have fair allowance, but even when we write off the due abatement on this score, the spectacle which Congress has just presented in its final scramble is not inspiring. It is not simply that parties were confused and leaders at cross-purposes, but that no clear line of policy or definite principle of public action seems anywhere to have emerged.

A special cause of upheaval was unquestionably the project of reciprocal trade with Canada which President Taft so unexpectedly urged upon Congress. It was a veritable dissolvent. His own party in the House was divided by it into two almost equal fac-

tions, and the Senate was similarly torn. There, however, a peculiar root of bitterness lay in the suddenness and completeness with which Mr. Taft turned the tables on the insurgent Republicans. That was an incident of the undertaking with Canada, which he may or may not have taken into his reckoning, but which, in any event, has been one of its most dramatic effects. To men who had made complaints of high tariff rates a good part of their oratorical stock in trade, and who had attacked the President openly and repeatedly for having done nothing to lighten the burden of protective duties and ease the cost of living, he presented a measure aiming to do both those things, in a speedy and effective way. The first effect was to fill them with consternation and strike them dumb. But they did not lose their hostility to the President, even if they lost their voices for a time; and presently they made it apparent that they would oppose a plan which, if they were to be morally consistent, they were bound heartily to support. It has been a most depressing exhibition on their part. Good-natured Americans at first laughed at Cummins and La Follette for having been so neatly "dished" by the President, but there is more in it than a laughing-matter when public men retreat from positions which they had taken on high moral grounds, and show that they are governed more by animosity than by principle. And the people are both shrewd and fair in passing judgment on these things. The Senators we have mentioned may retain their political hold in their own States, but it is certain that their standing with the country has been grievously impaired by their running away from their professed convictions on this question of freer trade with Canada. If La Follette should soon venture to speak of the need of revising the tariff so as to do something for "God's patient poor," or Senator Cummins to repeat his speeches on the enormity of a high tariff, ridicule would be sure to be the lot of either.

Even the Republicans in Congress who make great pretensions of supporting the President behaved ill in this business of Canadian reciprocity. Luke-warmness and secret malevolence are sometimes worse than open antagonism. And one has but to read even friendly

accounts of the activities of some of the Senators who were supposed to be working hard for the Canadian agreement, to discover how little heart and sincerity they put into their advocacy. Their chief way of holding up the hands of Mr. Taft was going to him to urge him to fold his hands; to consent weakly to a farcical vote; to give up or put off the extra session; to think of the damage which may be done to his party rather than of the good that may be done to his country. There seems to be little doubt that if the Republicans in the Senate who were half-heartedly for the trade arrangement with Canada had been willing to go into the fight with energy and determination, they could have forced the matter to a vote. The Republican party will deservedly suffer, and its leaders will suffer, for having left so deeply upon the nation the impression that pique and enmity and petty motives have been stronger in this Congress than any considerations of a broad and truly national policy.

THE DEMOCRATIC PROGRAMME.

The country has said good-bye to the Sixty-first Congress with the general verdict: "Ill done, bad and faithless servant!" But with this riddance effected, thoughts are turning to the Sixty-second Congress so soon to assemble. Especially is attention given to every indication of what may be the policy of the leaders of the Democratic House. For upon their decision will depend not only the course of legislation and the length and temper of the extra session, but also in a large degree the course of national politics. Counsels are evidently somewhat divided, although a "tentative programme" has been put forth at Washington. This may be nothing more than a "feeler." In any event, it is of the first importance that those who are to be in control of the next House should not let April 4 find them without plans maturely framed and a determination to hold firmly to what has been agreed upon. A merely opportunist session—drifting and rudderless—is of all things to be avoided.

Two rival theories are broached respecting the general scope which should be given to the extra session. One view is that it should be short and business-like; that it should quickly pass the

reciprocity agreement and a few tariff amendments, and then promptly adjourn. Another opinion, however, is held by some Democratic Representatives. They would do the things just specified, but would attempt many more. In their judgment it would be wise to undertake an extensive revision of the tariff, together with other matters of general legislation, while they would have committees put to work investigating all branches of the government, thus dragging the session over the summer and into the autumn, if need be. But the weight of numbers and also of sagacity appears to be distinctly against this plan, and it is well that it should be. Even if the Democrats had both houses of Congress and the President, the country would be in no mood to tolerate a long-drawn session; and if it is simply a question of staying on in Washington for weary months hunting for possible scandals (and the party capital involved in them) and passing bills which it is known in advance that the Senate will not accept, there can be no doubt whatever that the procedure would be justly regarded as a waste of time and money and the popular patience.

The extra session is called by the President to enact the trade agreement with Canada, and the Democrats of the House should pass the bill at as early a date as possible and send it to the Senate without amendment or "rider" of any kind. To amend it is, of course, to defeat it; while to fasten some other measure or measures to it is to cover up the naked issue. The Democrats should make haste to accept the Canadian offer intact, first, because public sentiment demands it; secondly, because they are committed to it, and thirdly, because it is the shrewdest thing they can do politically. They saw last month how like a sword thrust into the vitals of the protectionist party is this arrangement with Canada for freer trade. What could be sounder party policy than for the Democrats to drive it home? Certainly it will not be the Democratic party that will suffer in the eyes of the country if President Taft has to depend upon his political opponents for securing legislation which the Republicans are too split up and too tied up to give him.

After clean and prompt action on Ca-

nadian reciprocity, the Democrats may well take up a few of the more offensive schedules in the Payne-Aldrich tariff. In this work, the guiding principle is not so clear. Some argue that no tariff amendments should be passed by the House which there is not good reason to think the Senate will agree to and the President will sign. Others contend that the whole law should be torn to pieces and a radical tariff revision pressed to vote, whether the Republicans will bear or forbear. But there is a wise mean between these two extremes, and in it lies the path of safety. Certain changes in the tariff can be attempted with a fair expectation that they will succeed in becoming law. President Taft has publicly declared the existing woollen schedule to be "indefensible," and a deep cut in its duties would therefore be both strategic and justified. Similarly there might be hopeful efforts to revise the cotton schedules, and to remove a number of tariff taxes on the necessities of life. In addition, it might be advisable to indicate, by bill or resolution, some other tariff reductions and abolitions which the Democratic party would undertake if it had full power. But beyond this it would be folly to go. A long session given up to interminable and profitless tariff debates leading nowhither would be a mistake so huge that even the Democratic leaders ought to be able to avoid it.

What they should keep clearly and continuously in their minds as they approach and enter the extra session is that it is going to be a time of severe trial and testing for them. They are as far as possible from having had from the country a vote of confidence. All that has been given is a vote of want of confidence in the Republicans. The Democrats have merely an opportunity.

THE STATUS OF THE PROFESSOR.

That the American college president fulfils a function and exercises a degree of power that has no parallel in the institutions of learning of the old world has been asserted so often and, so far as we know, has met with so little contradiction, that it is pleasing to find two leading representatives of the college presidency not so much justifying this peculiarity, but rather denying its existence. In the *Popular Science Monthly* for March the editor, in an ar-

ticle under the title "About Dismissing Professors," quotes a comment of President Butler's upon the following remark made in these columns some months ago, in reference to the plans of Reed College, the promising new institution about to be established in Oregon:

There is a fine opening for a new institution to show what a college can be wherein the personal domination by the president is abandoned, and in its stead we have a company of gentlemen and scholars working together, with the president simply as the efficient centre of inspiration and coöperation.

"The condition described in the last four lines," says President Butler, "is precisely what is to be found at every American college and university that is worthy of the name, and no evidence to the contrary has ever been produced by anybody."

The other utterance to which we have reference is the address delivered by President Van Hise at the recent meeting of the Association of American Universities at Charlottesville, which appears in *Science* for February 17. Doctor Van Hise makes out a very good case for the necessity of the presidential functions, a not inconsiderable part of which case consists in pointing out the extent to which, in many of our colleges and universities, those functions, so far as appointment and promotion are concerned, are exercised only in coöperation with the faculty. If anybody was under the impression that the American college president exercised his powers in the spirit of an Oriental monarch habitually putting this man up and that man down, as suited his pleasure or whim, certainly the facts stated by Doctor Van Hise must show him that he was in error.

The fact remains, however, that in our American colleges the president is not "simply the efficient centre of inspiration and coöperation," but is in large measure thought of, and thinks of himself, as the master, or the foreman, or the captain, of a body of men working under his direction; and this fact has a potent influence on the whole character and spirit of academic life in America. The idea of administration, of coördination, of "harmony," plays a part in most of our colleges and universities altogether disproportionate to its value. Nor is the objection to this state of things merely negative. There is positive harm of the most serious kind in

that submergence of self-assertive personality on the part of the professors which inevitably goes with it. It is not an accident that President Van Hise habitually speaks of "the instructional force of the university"; he instinctively thinks of the professors not as an assemblage of individuals, each expected primarily to do his own work in his own way, but as a "force" of employees jointly engaged in the production of a certain output. Nor is it easy to imagine a man who regards himself as "simply the efficient centre of inspiration and coöperation" of the faculty using this language, which appears in an editorial article in the *Educational Review*:

Truly the academic animal is a queer beast. If he cannot have something at which to growl and snarl, he will growl and snarl at nothing at all.

Whether or not a bill of particulars could be made out, such as would satisfy a judge and jury, in support of the proposition that the presidents of most American colleges dominate them in the way that is generally asserted, we cannot undertake to say. Evidences of a less definite nature, but to our mind quite convincing, are sufficiently abundant. We do not say that it is personally the fault of the presidents; it may be quite as much the fault of the professors, or the fault of something in the national make-up. It may in part be due to the same traits of national character which result in the extraordinary power of the political boss and in the amazing concentration of financial and industrial control in the hands of a few men. But that no need of our university world is keener than the need of an increase in the personal importance, dignity, and self-assertion of the professor, we are profoundly convinced. And it is encouraging to note that on every hand when the issue arises sentiment is strongly manifested on the right side. The dismissal of Professor Ross from Leland Stanford found nowhere stronger condemnation than among men thoroughly out of sympathy with his economic views, but deeply conscious of the importance of professorial independence. The report recently made to the Carnegie Foundation by a mechanical engineer was at once recognized everywhere as a *reductio ad absurdum* of the idea that colleges and universities should be conducted on machine-shop principles. The attempt to get the max-

imum of efficiency at every point by the exercise of supervision and control, even when not carried to that ridiculous extreme, is destructive of that vitality upon which the true efficiency of a university depends, and which resides in the inherent personal qualities of its professors. It is the permanence of tenure of professors, the undisputed dignity and honor of their position, that have made the great universities of the Old World what they are. And no substitute for the vitalizing influence of these essential elements can be provided by any amount of supervisory meddling or administrative perfection.

THE EMERGENCE OF AUTHORS.

In the latest discourse from the Easy Chair, Mr. William Dean Howells complains whimsically of the people who approach you with a volume in the hand and an eager look in the eye and ask you if you have ever read anything by this new man, Arnold Bennett. Mr. Howells feels called upon to vindicate his reputation as an old voyager in the "uncharted literary seas." He has known Mr. Bennett's work for ever so many years, and he admired the Englishman's talent long before fortune's capricious wave caught him up and landed him high on the hot and baking beach of popularity, only a year or two ago. The Easy Chair proceeds to put an extraordinarily high valuation on Mr. Bennett's novels, without stopping to ask why such good work should have been so long in winning recognition. Yet the case of Arnold Bennett is typical—for England more than for this country, but for us, too, to an unsuspected degree. Observe that this is not the old case of manuscripts knocking at publishers' doors in vain. If it is success to get one's novel into print, Mr. Bennett attained success a dozen years ago. Here is the more remarkable case of nearly a score of printed books of an exceptionally high degree of merit, waiting patiently for justice, or luck, or whim, or whatever power it is that at last gives literary talent its due.

Just to what degree the case of Arnold Bennett is typical of contemporary British writers, the following few names may show. Eden Phillpotts, who in his younger days collaborated with Arnold Bennett, has more than two dozen books to his credit, and of these only a half-

dozen have been written since his emergence into broad public notice. W. J. Locke published nine or ten novels before "The Beloved Vagabond." John Galsworthy had written a half-dozen volumes of sketches, novels, and plays, before "The Silver Box" came out, only five years ago. Bernard Shaw began writing about 1880; his "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant" appeared only in 1898, and the "boom" days of the imitable G. B. S. did not come till Arnold Daly produced "Candida" in New York eight years ago. Even the meteoric Chesterton rose on the firmament with the comparatively sedate speed which we naturally expect in a British meteor; he had written five books before his "Browning" first drew the world's attention. It may seem straining the point to bring in the greatest figure of them all, Thomas Hardy. Yet to the mass of young readers, Hardy to-day is the author of "Tess" and "Jude." But Hardy had begun writing in 1865 and published at least fifteen volumes before the appearance of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" in 1891. That Hardy's earliest books comprise his best work, does not destroy the argument. The fact remains that when Hardy wrote "A Pair of Blue Eyes," "The Return of the Native," and "The Woodlanders," he had only a following. With "Tess" he won a public. If one were to yield to the temptation of venturing into unknown seas, the prophecy might be hazarded that some day the public will discover Mr. Charles Marriott, whose fifteen novels have not yet gained him the recognition which his admirable talent deserves.

How is it with us in this country? A detailed statistical study would show that success comes more speedily to the American novelist than to the Englishman. Care must be exercised in drawing up our list of names. If we are to take the "best-sellers" only, the point is proved at the start. Most of our "best-sellers" have been first books or early books; many of them have been, in fact, the writer's only book, a literary flash-in-the-pan and that is all. But draw up a fairly representative list of names, a list that shall include Edith Wharton, Robert Herrick, Frank Norris, Jack London, Winston Churchill, Robert Chambers, and Booth Tarkington. Frank Norris wrote four or five stories before he published "The Octopus," but these four or five stories were written within

two or three years; so that we cannot call his fame long delayed. Tarkington won at the first try with "The Gentleman from Indiana." Winston Churchill was almost as prompt; "Richard Carvel" was his second book. Jack London wrote a half-dozen books before "The Call of the Wild," but was already very well known before that. Robert Chambers seems to be one of those men who, in a now famous phrase, are able to "come back." His "King in Yellow," of eighteen years ago, brought him reputation; then came a long decline, followed by a sharp reascendence which we may date from the "Iole" of six years ago. In the case of Robert Herrick and Mrs. Wharton, we find the expected; their work is of a more serious nature and was slower in making its way. Mrs. Wharton is credited with eight books before the "House of Mirth," though probably we should put the date of her emergence three years earlier at "The Valley of Decision." Mr. Herrick had written nine or ten books before the publication of "The Memoirs of an American Citizen." It will be seen that even Mr. Herrick's or Mrs. Wharton's apprenticeship to fame was much shorter than that of most of the English writers we have mentioned.

It would not do to press the distinction too far. This year or the next may see the emergence in this country of an author who has hurled a dozen volumes against the gates of fame without bursting them asunder. England shows us, on the other hand, a phenomenon like De Morgan—although in his case, it might be argued that De Morgan must have lived a great many novels, even if he did not write them, and that "Joseph Vance" is not really his first book; or shows us a one-book man, like E. F. Benson, who made his "hit" with "Dodo" nearly twenty years ago, and has never risen so high again in no less than twenty-five attempts. But broadly speaking, the distinction between American and English authorship holds. Our writers "win out" more easily.

WEALTH AND IDEALISM.

The ordinary exhortation directed to rich men is, it must be confessed, apt to be both flat and unprofitable. It is too much like guides to fashionable society written by old maids in a fifth-floor hall bedroom. That is to say, there is too little fellow-feeling about it, too

alien a point of view, not enough knowledge of the facts from the inside. Most clergymen and moralists are poor men, by hypothesis, yet they are the ones who oftenest appeal to the wealthy and endeavor to waken them to their opportunity and duty. The result must create in the minds of the persons addressed a sense of strangeness. "The fellow doesn't know what he is talking about," we can easily imagine them saying. But they would never think of saying it to Major Henry L. Higginson, who has an article in the March *Atlantic*, "A Word to the Rich." This author knows at least what great possessions are from personal experience, and hence his language is not that of one moving about in a world not realized.

Major Higginson's article is somewhat discursive—not to say disconnected—but through it all there runs a fine insistence upon the one thing needful. This is that rich men should not allow themselves to be crushed under the heaps of their own gold, but should preserve, along with the sense of power and the command of luxury which their wealth gives them, a sort of personal and public idealism in which they may find keener and more durable satisfaction than in great riches. Identifying himself with the men of his own generation, Major Higginson recalls the generous enthusiasms and patriotic kindlings which inspired the youth of this country in the years just before the civil war, and makes it clear that he regards such aspirations for service and promptings to spend one's self in great causes as more precious than rubies.

There is implied, too, in Major Higginson's article an argument which is at least as old as Solomon, but which is capable of being put with fresh power in the case of all forms of self-indulgence by the moderns. It is the argument from satiety. The exceeding weariness of sin is not so frequent a topic in the pulpit as the exceeding sinfulness, but it is one which might often be expounded to edification. And certainly no aspect of the strivings of those who heap up money without knowing how to expend it except in ostentation, is more notable than the fact that they get insufferably bored by the whole process and entanglement of their luxurious living. One cannot have more than so many automobiles, yachts, country-places, pictures, libraries, jewels,

and when they are piled up simply for their own sake, it must be a common experience to feel that only labor and sorrow have gone into the accumulation and that even the enjoyment of them is perilously near a sensation of being satiated. A wealthy man must crave variety as much as another, and the mere outlay of great sums in the ordinary ways soon ceases to have any novelty about it. Walter Bagehot said that it was an inspiring discovery to an English nobleman to find that nothing in the world was so much fun as work; and Major Higginson plainly intimates that a great many rich men are in need of some object outside of themselves and their families and their business upon which to wreak their latent idealism. They need it for their own good. The "hopeless rich," as they have been called, are so because their very abundance takes the zest out of life. Struggle is tonic for us all; and when a man has no longer to strive in order to make a fortune, he may still get the benefit of effort and the pleasure of contest by flinging himself into some arduous work of philanthropy or social reform. Out of what he spends merely of his money for such purposes, he will get much more than he possibly can from any personal extravagance. Rich men need quickening ideals to cherish and realize, as much as the country needs rich men with such ideals.

There is one matter which Major Higginson does not definitely go into, though it is latent in his article. We mean the chance which men of great wealth have to meet and break attacks upon their class by a noble use of their large means. We do not believe in attempting to classify men and women by social ranks. Passions, ambitions, weaknesses, virtues are much the same in all walks of life. Avarice and greed are as often met among the poor as among the rich. But there are certain defects of human nature, certain vices even, which the possession of great wealth may make more conspicuous and more hateful. Senseless display, a crass materialism, the plunging year after year into a round of pleasure-seeking, an apparent cool ignoring of the fact that mighty evils threaten and great causes beckon—all these things are made doubly repellent when the very rich practise them on a great scale and in a glittering light. And the surest escape

from them is the steadier cultivation among those with great fortunes at command, first of the perception that all this mammon-worship is essentially vulgar, and then of the conviction that they need to marry idealism to their wealth. Let them more often employ their riches upon the things of the spirit—culture through books and art and music—and let them also know the joy of combat with social and political dangers—with disease and ignorance and crime and corruption—and they will not only be stopping the mouth of the scorn-er but filling their own hearts with a new sense of the happiness and dignity of life.

THE CRETAN DISK.

LONDON, February 21.

It is not often that an "antiquarian old woman" (as Sir Walter Scott says) illustrates the workings of the human intelligence and its liability to "suggestion" so strangely as does Dr. Hempl's article "The Solving of an Ancient Riddle" (*Harper's Magazine*, January). The riddle is the picture-writing stamped on a disk of clay found at Phaestus in Crete. The pictures of the costume of men and women are like nothing known to us in the art of prehistoric Crete; the disk is unlike a Cretan disk, the ship has no mast and is not like ships in Cretan art. But all the objects are well and freely drawn, though the fat woman is designed with no flattering hand. The date is supposed to be not later than 1600 B. C.

We do not know what people used this kind of picture-writing, or rather printing. But one thing seems certain and another thing probable. Each set of signs within its little framework stands for a word. Next, as Edouard Meyer had observed before Dr. Hempl made the same conjecture, an oblique stroke under some of the characters probably answers to the *virāma* in Sanskrit, and, if so, cancels an *a* implied as the vowel in a sign standing for a consonant and a vowel, say *ta*, for example. Thus it is a fair working guess that each sign stands for a syllable, as in the characters which the people of Cyprus used long after the rest of Greece wrote in the Greek alphabet.

Dr. Hempl knew no language except Greek which might be current in the eastern Mediterranean about 1600 B. C. We know that in Crete much later, and in Cyprus (probably), one non-Greek Indo-European language was used, if not two; but, as no one understands that tongue, Dr. Hempl tried Greek in his experiments. Some of the pictures, as of a man's head, a woman, a little boy, a ship, a shield, a tunny fish, a hide, an axe, were unmistakable, and the first

syllable of a Greek word for each could be tentatively used where such characters occurred. But there are at least a dozen signs which represent objects of unknown or doubtful nature. We can only guess at the names of the plants and of several enigmatic objects. In more than a dozen cases out of forty-five signs, it seems to have been necessary to find syllables that would fit in with those taken as provisionally ascertained, and then to look in the dictionary for words beginning with these syllables, words that might be names for the enigmatic objects represented.

What Dr. Hempl takes the names of some of the odd objects to be, I cannot even guess: for example, a thing that might be a knobby mace with a smooth handle, or might be an eccentric flageolet; and another that might be a key with two "business ends," or a comb, or even a schematized fortification. The head of a man, either wearing an ear-ring resembling the figure of eight, or tattooed with a figure of eight—how are we to know the name of this sign? The figure of eight (8) is the sign for *le* in the writing of Cyprus, but that does not carry us far.

However he managed it in these cases, Dr. Hempl made out the forty-five signs to his own satisfaction, and published a transliteration into Greek characters, and a translation, of the first nineteen words.

I was much interested and consulted better scholars than myself. They said that all was guesswork, but one archaeologist added that there was no way except guessing. Still, when Dr. Hempl guessed that a sign meant a water lily (*nymphaion*), where Arthur Evans saw a star anemone; and guessed a lily (*souson*), where I and Mr. Evans and Dr. Pernier saw a saffron flower (the result being to give either *kroto* or *soto*), while some words as *labropodēs* (for a man supposed to be running, though he may be doing something else) could not be early Greek, the whole affair began to waver like a vain dream.

Again, the learned said that the words produced "were not Greek," and I could only reply that they might once have been Greek—which was not reckoned satisfactory. Again, skeptics asked, Is it likely that eight words out of nineteen should begin with the preposition *apo* (meaning "from")? To this I could only reply that granting the words to be words, whatever the language, eight out of nineteen words *did* begin with the two characters rendered *apo* by Dr. Hempl.

Not one of the eminent scholars made an experiment by applying Dr. Hempl's syllables to the side of the disk which he did not translate. To do this was left to an ingenious amateur. He told me that the operation was "as easy as shelling peas," and produced a Greek transliteration which he kindly translated.

Again, the Greek was very, very unusual Greek, and "the statements" made in it "were tough." Still, two curious points came out: First, the process yielded the proper names *Athene*, *Mamersa*, and the amateur discovered, what neither of us had known, that *Mamersa* was an old cult name of the goddess *Athene*. Here, we said, is a coincidence that can scarcely be the result of mere chance: there is Greek at the bottom of this! Secondly, it was found that the vowels coming after each of two double consonants (as *pt rg*) followed certain rules observed (though we had not known it) in the Cyprian form of writing in syllabic characters. The rules are too intricate to be explained here, but they were followed by the picture-writing. None the less, the results in words were very eccentric, and described some extremely peculiar proceedings.

Now a change came o'er the spirit of our dream, a fatal change! We had never liked the eight *apos* or "froms" in nineteen words. We had guessed that one word could only occur so often, if it were an exclamation, like *Aoi* in the "Chanson de Roland," or an invocation, like "Lord!" in our Litany. At this point, to quote an old Greek epic, "came the Amazon." Dr. Hempl had got his eternal *apo* by supposing the crested head of a man to stand for *anēr*, and taking the *a* of that word; while he conceived *doagrion* to be the Greek word for the round shield, turned *do* into *po*, and thus obtained *apo*. But now the Amazon, a young lady of much erudition, said, "Take the *an* not the *a* from *anēr*, and take *sakos* as the Greek word for the shield, and you have *ansa*, not *apo*."

But here comes in the artfulness! You cannot, if you are writing in signs which denote not letters but syllables, write *ansa*. The double consonants (*ns*) can, in syllabic writing, only be *anasa*, or rather *an-as-sa*. *Anassa* in Greek means "Queen"; we have *Athene* in Dr. Hempl's version, and *Anassa*, "Queen!" like our "Lord!" is a repeated invocation to a divine being, *Athene* in this case.

This, it will perhaps be admitted, is neat and good. But, whatever syllables the two signs—the crested head and the shield—really stood for, one thing becomes clear. Every Greek object had several names. Though the crested head is that of a man, it is also that of a warrior, *hērōs*, *polemistēs*, or what you please. The word *doagrion* for a shield occurs but once in the *Iliad*, while *sakos* and *aspis* for a shield occur as often as a shield has to be mentioned, and so on with the other objects. The stout matronly lady may stand, not for *gunē* "woman," but for *mētēr* or *maia*, "mother" or "nurse." The little naked boy need not be *pais*, he may be *nēpios*. The female breast need not be *ta* (indeed, I do not know what it should be), but *ma*; *maza* being Greek for a breast.

The bird of prey need not be a hawk, but, as Mr. Evans thinks, an eagle; and that yields a syllable which does not suit Dr. Hempl.

The amateurs now threw most of Dr. Hempl's syllables to the winds; chose, on his own principles, other syllables derived from other names for the objects designed in the picture-writing; got rid of his "robber," and his "spoils," and his imposing "Zeus," and his "silence," and produced quite a pious and pleasing invocation to Athene. But the whole decipherment and interpretation changes color hour by hour like a chameleon, while the amateurs laugh frequently over their own results.

Nothing may come of these amusing experiments, for I do not see how we can ever be sure that any interpretation is the right one. But experiment is so far valuable that it seems to prove the entirely hazardous and arbitrary nature of the whole method of decipherment. Unluckily there is, at present, no other method open to us. ANDREW LANG.

FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN.

The novelist who passed away in Berlin on the twenty-fourth of February, —his eighty-second birthday—was the last representative of a remarkable epoch in German literature. In the decade of 1850 to 1860 appeared three novels which deeply stirred the public mind of Germany—Gutzkow's "Ritter vom Geiste," Freytag's "Soll und Haben," and Spielhagen's "Problematische Naturen." All these novels became part of the liberal gospel of Germany, which, unable to make itself heard in the political arena during the period of reaction following 1848, found expression in literature. Gutzkow had been one of the leaders of Young Germany, of whose poets and writers of fiction Börne could say, with considerable justice: "In Germany, literature has always served as a vent to politics." The "Ritter vom Geiste," like Gutzkow's subsequent "Zauberer von Rom," owed its literary effectiveness largely to its being a powerful political tract; Freytag's "Soll und Haben," with its pictures of social contrasts, was invested by the public with a political significance which, intrinsically, it never possessed; Spielhagen's "Problematische Naturen" alone was enjoyed both for its political background and its fascination as a story.

Up to the time of the publication of this novel, in 1860, Spielhagen had led the typical life of the German student, struggling toward the pursuit of literature. He began the study of law, then turned to philology and philosophy, tried his hand at teaching, wrote verses, and published translations from foreign languages. In his volume of reminiscences ("Finder und Erfinder"), he speaks of the enthusiasm with which he took up the translation of American

writers. He rendered into German George W. Curtis's "Nile Notes of a Howadji," and Emerson's "English Traits," and published a volume of "Amerikanische Gedichte." In a recent letter to the New York *Staats-Zeitung*, he referred with modest simplicity to his interest in American literature more than half a century ago. None of his early literary ventures was peculiarly successful, and his discouragement, sharpened by the sad outcome of his historic attempts, led him to rid himself, Goethe-like, of his regrets and world-weariness by giving them a literary form. He himself was to be the hero of his novel, the "Problematische Naturen," whose title he borrowed from one of Goethe's aphorisms.

The success of this work was not confined to Germany. It was translated into many languages, and in England and Russia in particular it was taken up as a mirror of German civilization, and gave rise to much philosophical speculation. Yet the problematic characters of the novel are as old and universal as human doubt and weakness and the protest of the unsuccessful against the existing order. But what captivated the German public was the new setting given to the irresistible Byronic Don Juans and unhappy Wilhelm Meisters, who, at the close of the story, mount the barricades of the revolution of 1848, and in their heroic death atone for their useless lives; while readers beyond the fatherland were won more by the vivid scenic effects in which Spielhagen always excelled than by his fervent denunciation of the barriers between the German middle class and the aristocracy.

Spielhagen possessed, in a far greater degree than either Gutzkow or Freytag, the ability to read in the book of Nature. He had the gift of weaving natural phenomena into the framework of his story, so as to make them serve an allegorical purpose. He knew both the mountains and the sea thoroughly, and his descriptive power was very considerable. In his "Hammer und Amboss" (Hammer and Anvil) there is a famous scene in which a raging storm in the Baltic is utilized to show the power of a noble-minded director of a prison to sway the emotions of its inmates, and compel them to erect barriers against the advancing tide, thereby saving the lives of the villagers at the risk of their own.

The antagonism between democracy and conservatism appeared again, accentuated still more strongly, in "Die von Hohenstein"—a gloomy picture of a degenerate aristocratic family, with the revolution of 1848 as its background. Several other of the subsequent novels, "In Reih und Glied," "Allzeit voran," and "Ultimo," deal largely with political questions of the day, while "Sturmflut" typifies the economic crash of 1873. "Hammer und Amboss," with its glori-

fication of labor as the panacea for all social evils, is reminiscent of Freytag's "Soll und Haben." In all these novels the obvious *Tendenz* is subordinated to the interest of the plot. Spielhagen was a born story-teller and held his readers throughout his long novels, with all their frequent verbosity, by his skill in grouping numerous sharply defined episodic characters around the central figures, and, above all, by effective appeals to German sentiment. He was less successful in his portrayal of the men of the day whom he here and there attempted to introduce, or at least intended to suggest. Thus, one of the characters of "In Reih und Glied" inevitably recalls Lassalle, but the picture of the socialist leader is blurred and unimpressive, either as truth or fiction. There is much charm, of a simpler and more direct kind, in his shorter novels, such as "Was die Schwalbe sang."

As a dramatist, Spielhagen never rose to the importance of Gutzkow and Freytag, nor are his aesthetic writings likely to survive. But his influence on his time was undeniably great, and it is to be hoped that the example of his idealism, modesty, and fidelity to principle may not be lost upon a later generation. He retained to the end many of the characteristics which distinguished him in his student days, when, as his colleague, Adolf Strodtmann, said, he "always spouted Goethe, Shakespeare, Homer, and Sophocles." His friendships were notable. He early appreciated Carl Schurz, whose fellow-student he was at Bonn, and he was firmly attached to Berthold Auerbach. In his preface to "Auerbach's Briefe an seinen Freund Jakob Auerbach" he paid a glowing tribute to the novelist whose talent and ideals were kindred to his own. But unlike Auerbach and Gustav Freytag, Spielhagen never gave his full adhesion to the new Germany. He remained in many ways the old Forty-eighter. His attitude toward the later literary currents in Germany was, however, one of sympathy. In the preface to his reminiscences he welcomes any honest effort to seize the subjects of the hour, provided the poetic impulse, whether idealistic or realistic, be genuine.

Much has been said of the indebtedness of Spielhagen to foreign models. "Hammer und Amboss," in particular, has been traced to the influence of George Sand, and, with more justice, to that of Dickens. There is undoubtedly a more than accidental resemblance—in the autobiographic form, the double marriage of the hero, the character of the heroine—to "David Copperfield"; but the two novels, needless to say, are wide apart in treatment and artistic value. German criticism has always been prone to force the note of resemblance between the novelists of Germany and those of other countries. The truth is that German literature, rich as

it is in so many fields, has neither a Dickens, nor a Balzac, nor a Tolstoy—perhaps not even a Sue, to whom, in some features, Spielhagen might have been compared. The greatest of German novelists have been overpraised by their patriotic compeers. Gottfried Keller has been called by Heyse the "Shakespeare of the novel," and of what indiscriminate laudation has not Heyse himself, refined and artistic as he is, been the subject. It may be doubted whether either Gutzkow, or Freytag, or Spielhagen himself will long live in literature, at least in the world-literature of Goethe. Of all the German writers of fiction who found fruitful themes in a time of political foment, and amid petty surroundings, perhaps Fritz Reuter, the Low German humorist, is alone to be permanently numbered among the classics. Humor is a great preservative. But who can tell? There is, says Sainte-Beuve, no recipe for making a classic.

GUSTAV POLLAK.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Under the title of "The Romance of Book-Selling," Frank A. Mumby has published, through Chapman & Hall, a history of book-selling and book-publishing in England since Anglo-Saxon days to the present time. In a preliminary chapter also is included some account of the books of the ancients and the beginnings of book-publishing in Greece and Rome. In his octavo of upwards of five hundred pages, he has gathered from various sources much interesting history relative to the restrictions which the authorities put upon printers and booksellers in the days of Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I. Dryden and Tonsen come in, Pope and Curll, Dr. Johnson and Dodsley, and so down to the *Times* Book Club, the formation of which was an event that upset the English book trade more than anything else in recent years. Early decrees and documents are reprinted, mainly from Arber's "Transcripts of the Stationers' Register," and reproductions of old title-pages and portraits are numerous. The latter portion of the book treats of the last half-century and the principal English publishing houses of the present day, the Longmans, the Murrys, the Macmillans, Chapman & Hall, William Heinemann, and others; portraits of many of the present heads of these houses being given. A Bibliography of forty pages and an Index complete the book.

The first volume of the "Minutes of the Executive Council of the Province of New York," 1668-1673, the latest work of our able State historian, Victor Hugo Paltsits, while primarily for the historical student, is a book to interest also the collector of New York material, if for no other reason certainly for the reproduction, size of the original, of the large plan of Manhattan Island, made during the Governorship of Richard Nicolls and generally called the Nicolls map. Among other reproductions in the volume are Robert Rider's survey of Long Island, 1670, from the original in the collection of the New York Historical So-

ciet; the articles of surrender of New Netherlands in 1664 (a printed Dutch broadside, from the original in the New York Public Library); and the signatures of witnesses and the marks of the Indians on the deed conveying Staten Island to the colony in 1670. The text of the Council's Minute Book is printed exactly (the types for some of the abbreviations having been specially cut) and profusely annotated. A number of important and collateral and illustrative documents, including several relating to the Island of Nantucket, then included in the colony of New York, have been added.

The Society of Iconophiles has just distributed to members "The Hudson-Fulton Celebration," by Gustav Kobbe, with a preface by William Loring Andrews. It is a handsomely printed square 8vo, of which 106 copies have been printed on hand-made paper and 16 copies on Japan paper. There are six engravings by Francis S. King. It will be sought after by collectors of William Loring Andrews's books.

For many years Prof. George Herbert Palmer of Harvard University has been collecting editions of "The Temple" and other books by or relating to Herbert and his hardly less famous brothers, and he has now printed privately a "Herbert Bibliography," which is, in fact, a catalogue of his own collection. The "Bibliography" is divided into several classes. Group I is made up of biographies of Herbert; Group II of manuscripts, the two principal items being transcripts of manuscript volumes in the Bodleian Library and in the Williams Library, London. The third group is made up of George Herbert's writings, other than "The Temple." Groups IV and V are editions of "The Temple"; the first, containing sixteen titles, describes the first thirteen editions, printed during the century following Herbert's death, and the second modern editions. Prof. Palmer has not been able to procure a copy of the rare variation of the first edition with undated title-page, of which there are copies in the Hoe and Huth libraries, and which, ever since the days of Lowndes, has been called the actual first edition. There can be no doubt, however, that the dated title-page was the earlier and the one printed with the book. Groups VI and VII comprise the writings of the brothers of Herbert and of Nicholas Ferrar, his "spiritual brother." Group VIII describes miscellaneous books relating to Herbert, and Group IX a short list of *De-siderata*. The four titles of books which have eluded Professor Palmer's diligent search are:

"Le Cento & Dieci Divine Considerationi de Juan de Valdes." Basel, 1550.

"De Veritate." By Edward Herbert, Lord Cherbury. Paris, 1624.

"A Translation of Certain Psalms." By Lord Bacon. London, 1625. This was dedicated to Herbert.

"The Synagogue. In Imitation of Mr. George Herbert." [By Christopher Harvey.] London, 1640.

Correspondence

THE SENATORSHIP IN COLORADO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It would hardly be possible to produce a more cogent argument in favor of a change in the election of United States Senator than is afforded by the Senatorial

contest now going on in this State. Colorado is naturally Republican, that is to say, if all the sections which are inclined to Republican measures could be harmonized, the State would generally vote the Republican ticket. Leaving aside a rather small section of insurgents, there is in the regular ranks a struggle, more or less pronounced, for leadership between the present Senator, Simon Guggenheim, and W. G. Evans. Meanwhile there is a very pronounced division in the Democratic ranks; one section is headed by the present Mayor of Denver, R. W. Speer, who is commonly supposed to work in harmony with the Republican wing, controlled by W. G. Evans, in at least so far as respects the promotion of the interests of the public utility corporation.

Another wing of the Democratic party, known as the "platform" Democrats, because they stand for certain progressive measures advanced in the Democratic platform at the last State election, is led by such men as Gov. Shafroth and Alva Adams, the latter long a prominent man in the Democratic party and an ex-Governor. This section of the party finds expression through the *Rocky Mountain News*, owned and so controlled by former Senator T. M. Patterson, who is a bitter personal enemy of the present Mayor, R. W. Speer.

From this condition of things results the following situation in the Senatorial contest: The Republicans, in the minority in the Legislature, have as their candidate Joel F. Valle, a man of ability and culture, but a corporation lawyer, and incapable of election unless by Democratic votes. Each wing of the Democratic party has a candidate, Robert W. Speer of the "City Hall" Democrats and Alva Adams of the "platform" Democrats. Other candidates have been announced, but none who has any chance of election except as a compromise candidate, and of such a solution of the contest there is at present no indication. If the election should be made by the people, probably no one of the prominent candidates would stand a chance of election.

Now, what is the determining factor in this contest? Simply and purely the purposes of the "interests." No one will go from Colorado to the United States Senate who is not the servant of the "interests," unless the situation is so prolonged and public opinion, irrespective of party, becomes so aroused as to compel the members of the Legislature to register that will in their choice of a Senator.

One further element comes in to complicate the situation. If Mayor Speer should be elected, he would have either to retain his office of Mayor till the end of his term, more than a year distant, or by resigning allow the control of the city officers and patronage, and the sometimes determining influence of the police on elections, to pass into the control of the Republican party, since his successor, under the city charter, would be a Republican.

In spite of this, however, I think there can be no doubt that the only obstacle to the purchase, directly or indirectly, of enough Republican and "platform" Democratic votes to elect R. W. Speer is the sensitive state of public opinion with respect to bribery in Senatorial elections. With the example before us of the Lorimer investigation and debate in the Senate, it grows

somewhat dangerous to adopt "raw" methods such as formerly were soon forgotten.

P. J.

Denver, Col., February 20.

SHAKESPEARE'S LEARNING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the last volume of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, the argument presented in the "To the Reader" seems fairly to be summarized as follows: The plays are recognized as wonderful; scholars are amazed at the knowledge of the classics in them, lawyers at the law, travellers at the minute accuracy of the descriptions of foreign cities; they show a keen critic of court etiquette and French soldiery; the only possible man of the time with this encyclopedic outlook was Francis Bacon. Both in the original and in the summary there seems a causal connection implied, namely, that the plays are wonderful because of the knowledge, and because of the knowledge Bacon is the author. But, stated thus baldly, the fallacy is obvious. It is not because the author "had by study obtained nearly all the learning that could be gained from books" that the Elizabethans went to see the plays, or that we to-day read them; but it is because there is to be found in them wonderful characterization expressed dramatically, namely, before an audience. And this audience is what the scholars seem to forget. For by it is the dramatist limited, since profundity of thought or skill in allusion is good or bad, artistically, exactly in proportion as the thought is comprehended or the allusion understood. Thus the question of the actuality of the "port" at Milan is beside the mark; the dramatist must have assumed that the audience was either ignorant of the geography, or else cognizant of the internal canal system. As the second is not credible, the choice of Milan as the "port" suggests, not a reckless dramatist sporting with his audience, but frankly an ignorant or careless one.

Thus, the time has come to protest, in the name of Shakespeare, against the innumerable notes which disfigure his works. Although, owing to the change in idiom and the transient nature of allusion, some, of course, are necessary, annotations too long have been used as vehicles for the display of the annotator's erudition, that note being the most valued which is farthest afield. This is illustrated by the Shakespearean use of "Hyrcan" tigers in "Macbeth," "Henry VI," and "Hamlet." Turning to the Variorum for the elucidation, you find that one critic refers to Pliny, another to Daniel, another to Riche, while the Clarendon Press edition sapiently gives an account of Hyrcania, and records that in Holland's translation of Pliny the rhinoceros is mentioned on the opposite page. Of course, actually, as Rolfe mildly suggests, the comparison is taken from the 367th line of the Fourth Book of the *Aeneid*, "Caucasus, Hyrcanæque ad-morunt ubera tigres." As the key word, "Hyrcan," does not appear in Surrey's translation (1557), or in Stanyhurst's (1552)—I have been unable to see the Phaer—we may safely infer that on the part of both author and audience it presupposes a knowledge of Virgil in the original. But

this is precisely what we should expect. To a degree impossible for us, with our long background of English classics, and the innumerable outpouring of the daily press, the *Aeneid* was the one great poem of the Renaissance. They studied it in school and they read it in old age. And of all parts of the *Aeneid* the fourth book was precisely the one that captivated their imaginations. Consequently, a comparison drawn from that was exactly as intelligible as "storied windows" or "dim religious light" would be to-day. And the use of it does not imply a first-hand knowledge of either Hyrcania or tigers.

JOHN M. BERDAN.

New Haven, Conn., March 1.

OPEN WINDOWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Well-meaning people unfamiliar with different social planes of life have wondered much that lung and throat diseases increase so rapidly and do so much harm among the poorer classes during the winter months. Medical statistics prove that, with the advent of cold weather, "dirty air" diseases carry off a disastrously large proportion of urban population with startling regularity. This particular sort of mortality ceases in a large degree as soon as warmer weather comes. The inference is drawn, probably correctly, that foul air is the cause. In summer fresh air is admitted to the living and sleeping rooms, and in winter it is not. Throat and lung diseases are prevalent in winter more than in summer. Cause and effect! Remove the cause, and the effect disappears. Let us preach the crusade of fresh air to our ailing brethren, say the social workers. Let us show them the advantages of opening the windows of their dwelling houses and admitting God's fresh air, laden with life-giving oxygen.

The laboring man, with a family to support on \$1.75 per diem, does not respond with due alacrity and enthusiasm. He will not open his bed-room window when the thermometer is hovering around zero. In fact, he is very set and obstinate about the matter. The ascetic philanthropist recoils with disgust. He has pointed out to his ailing brother a remedy, cheap and efficient, that will abate the greatest scourge of modern times: consumption; and the ailing brother will have none of it. So simple, so easy—all you have to do is to raise the window, and you have an end to lung and throat diseases.

Suppose we look at the other side of the question, and examine it from the point of view of the man with a family on a small wage.

Why won't he raise the window in his bed-room at night? The answer is simple and primitive: Because of the cold. Admitting that the outside air is cold, why not put on more bed clothing and keep the body warm while breathing pure but chilly air. Answer: Because the man hasn't the bed clothes. Why can't he get the proper bed clothes? Because they cost too much. What kind of clothing should a man wear in our changeable rigorous Northern climate in winter? Wool, by all means. Is it expensive? So expensive that it is beyond the reach of the poor man; wool is a luxury in the United States. Why do so many poor

people come to an untimely death in this country? Answer: The tariff on wool.

M.

Chicago, February 28.

GREEK IN THE NEW YORK SCHOOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The crisis in the final attack of the modern materialistic school of educators upon the humanities has come in New York city. The first blow has fallen in the abolishing of the Greek department of the Flushing High School, No. 20.

I had long been curious to learn whether the English study of the classics or the American training in English subjects really produced the more general reading of English literature. In 1908 I began a systematic attempt to see how far an ignorance of classical mythology might be responsible for the indifference to good reading among the school children of the United States. Taking mixed classes of boys and girls in New York city—who were of college age or nearly so, and most of whom were fitting themselves to enter college work, I began to use a series of questions testing each pupil in the amount of information he possessed in those three great literary storehouses of the race, the Scriptures, mythology, and *Chivalry*. The results were discouraging. The objection always brought against Milton was the necessity for using a classical dictionary when reading the "Comus." After weeks of preparation more than half the classes failed upon questions involving mythological names. It is true that the homes represented were often of the peasant or artisan class in Europe, yet the pupils had received their training in American schools and were soon to be counted among the earnest students of American colleges. So it is hard to account for boys of eighteen who had never heard of Venus. Classes were often aghast at being expected to know Apollo without looking him up. Bright youths insisted that Psyche was the inventor of the Psyche knot. Even when Jupiter had been mastered, Jove was described as the queen of love and beauty. Whole classes were occasionally discovered that could not tell the story of Daniel in the lions' den. In other words, questions in English that should prove child's play to pupils who had read Ovid, Virgil, or the *Iliad*, as well as the Bible, were invariably found to be the severest tests of the memory, and even of the interest, of such young people as now throng our city schools. What a wealth of literary allusion, and of poetic inspiration, must be lost to readers of such limited background.

It has since been possible for me to make a more scientific investigation as to the amount of culture brought by the entering class to a good Eastern college. In 1910, a paper including twelve questions in the Bible and classical mythology was set for the entering class of 150 men in Amherst College. In each series of six, two questions were the easiest that could be thought of, two were exceedingly difficult, so as to test the intimate as well as the average knowledge of the men. Other general statements were asked for, which were answered with much apparent frankness.

The results were amazing. Of the 150 men 35, or 23 per cent., reported little or no

Bible study; 37 were ignorant of Cain; 40 knew nothing of Daniel; 65 failed upon Saul, 102 upon Gideon, 105 upon Timothy. Only 20 answered all six Bible questions correctly. More than 79, or at least 53 per cent., could remember nothing about the fall of Jericho. Nearly the same figures relatively appeared for the easy and difficult names in classical mythology. As many as 27, or 17 per cent., were quite untrained in the classics; 18 were ignorant of Hercules, 59 of Jason; 52, or 34 per cent., were confused about Apollo. As was to be expected, 110 failed to account for both Psyche and old Chiron. On the other hand, it is surprising that 40 men, or 26 per cent. of the 150, could give no information concerning the fall of Troy, although all had studied Latin for three years. Only four men answered all six questions in mythology. Only three students, or 2 per cent. of the whole class, answered all the questions.

These figures are, of course, merely indications, although a repetition of the examination (this year) gave virtually the same results.

It would, however, require several such tests, taken during the next four or five years, in many different institutions, to procure a fair basis for estimating the exact effect of substituting, during the last ten years, a little Latin and English for the old-fashioned classical training. If the Dartmouth statistics, published in your issue of February 16, proving that men with Greek training have furnished 54 per cent. of the successful scientific students, as opposed to only 20 per cent. from the scientific section—if these figures be added to the appalling indications from the Amherst examinations, then it would seem impossible that the Board of Education in New York city should attempt to economize by eliminating the Greek departments of the public schools. The abolishing of Greek generally in the public high schools will mean that only the sons of wealthy men who can attend the best private institutions are to enjoy the culture of true classical studies. It will mean that poor men's sons, who have hitherto furnished far more than 50 per cent. of its successful men to the country, must now be entirely excluded from the disciplined efficiency as well as the culture that can come only from the study of the humanities, especially from the study of Greek.

HERBERT F. HAMILTON.

Amherst College, February 22.

A PARALLEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to call attention to a rather curious example of plagiarism (or, as some may prefer to call it, "transmutation of base metal into fine gold"), which appears in a book, entitled "The Manor Houses of England," by P. H. Ditchfield, M.A., F.S.A., published by H. T. Batsford, London (1910). The subject dealt with in this book had always been extremely interesting to me, and several years ago, after having paid a visit to England for the purpose of making personal observations and adding to the data which I had already collected, I wrote to the same publishing house which has recently brought out Mr. Ditchfield's book in this country, stating that I was engaged in preparing a series of articles on English manor houses and gardens, and inquir-

ing as to the probability of such a series, or a book on this subject, being considered favorably for publication. I received a discouraging reply, and, thinking that it would be inadvisable to spend a year or two in the preparation of a book that would probably never be published, acting upon a suggestion made by the editor of *House and Garden*, I condensed some of my material into a short article, entitled "English Manor Houses of the Early Renaissance," which, after a lapse of about two years and a half, I had the pleasure of seeing appear in the issue of the aforesaid periodical for June, 1908.

When a few days ago I opened Mr. Ditchfield's attractive new book, I was struck with a feeling that in the very first sentence there was something strangely familiar. This feeling increased so much after turning the page that I hunted up the number of *House and Garden* which contains my old article. Imagine my astonishment when I found that Mr. Ditchfield (in the introductory chapter) had used almost word for word a portion of my little essay. A specimen of the passages referred to is given below in parallel columns:

HOUSE AND GARDEN ARTICLE.

"The greatest advantages men have by riches are, to give, to build, to plant, and to make pleasant scenes." So wrote Sir William Temple, the cultured diplomatist, philosopher, and garden lover. . . .

And from the number of delightful old country houses, set amid pleasant scenes, to be found in England today, we may infer that many other Englishmen, long before Sir William's time, held, in part at least, the same opinion as to the advantages of wealth.

Macaulay gives a very unflattering picture, indeed, of the old English country squire, but in his endeavor to make out his case against those who cried up the good old times he must have been drawn into exaggeration or he was totally unappreciative of the artistic merits of the old country seats. Is it possible that men so ignorant and crude could have built houses bearing evidence of such good taste? . . .

It is not, as a rule, in the greatest mansions, the vast piles erected by the great nobles of the court, that we find such artistic qualities, but most often in the smaller manor houses of the baronets and squires. . . .

Considering the fact that elsewhere in the book Mr. Ditchfield makes numerous quotations from various authors and citations of authorities, to all of whom he apparently gives full credit, is not the writer of this letter excusable in feeling somewhat aggrieved at not receiving any acknowledgment whatever?

MR. DITCHFIELD'S BOOK.

England is remarkable for the number and beauty of the old country houses, set amid pleasant scenes. . . .

The builders of these houses were animated by that same spirit which moved Sir William Temple, cultured diplomatist, philosopher, and garden lover, to write: "The greatest advantages men have by riches are, to give, to build, to plant, and to make pleasant scenes." And certainly they showed by their buildings that they were men of taste and refinement, very different from Macaulay's unflattering picture of the old English country squire who is represented as an ignorant boor.

It is not in the greatest mansions, the vast piles erected by the great nobles of the court, enriched by the plunder of the monasteries, that we find such artistic perfections, but most often in the smaller manor houses of the knights and squires. . . .

B. C. FLOURNOY.

Washington, D. C., March 2.

FIRST RAISING OF THE STARS AND STRIPES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In various histories of the American Revolution I have never noted any specific date or place where the Stars and Stripes were first officially raised over the Continental Army Headquarters.

We know the adoption of the flag by the Continental Congress was at Philadelphia, June 14, 1777, with orders that it be promulgated forthwith to the Army Headquarters. Now, the Army Headquarters were at Bound Brook, N. J., during the month of June and part of July, 1777. It seems reasonable, therefore, to suppose that the Stars and Stripes were first officially raised on Middlebrook Heights, near Bound Brook, not more than two days after June 14, allowing so much time for the courier to deliver the dispatches from Philadelphia, about sixty miles away. Histories clearly state that the flag was carried for the first time in the battle of Brandywine.

I understand that some twenty years ago an organization at Bound Brook, called the Washington Camp Ground Association, acquired part of the mountainside of Middlebrook Heights, where Washington encamped for two winters, and has ever since observed the Fourth of July there with patriotic exercises, on the presumption that on this spot the Stars and Stripes were first officially floated over the Continental Army. I should be interested to know whether there is any reason to dispute the claims of the society.

AMERICAN.

New York, February 27.

Literature

BOOKS ON BALKAN LANDS.

The Servian People: Their Past Glory and Their Destiny. By Prince Lazarovich-Hrebellanovich, with the collaboration of Princess Lazarovich-Hrebellanovich (Eleanor Calhoun). Vols. I and II. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$5 net.

The Lands of the Tamed Turk, or the Balkan States of To-day. By Blair Jaekel. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$2.50.

Through Savage Europe: Being the Narrative of a Journey (Undertaken as Special Correspondent of the Westminster Gazette) Throughout the Balkan States and European Russia. By Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$1.50 net.

There is no serious historico-ethnographic work on Servia in the English language, a version of Ranke's masterly "History of Servia and the Servian Revolution" alone excepted. Kanitz's monumental "Serbien" has remained untranslated, and in the last twenty-five years Servia has been treated only in chapters, as one of the Balkan States, in such collective works as Minchin's "The Growth of Freedom in the Balkan Peninsula" and—by far the most au-

thoritative of all—Villari's "Balkan Question," Mijatovich's "Royal Tragedy" and Herbert Vivian's "The Servian Tragedy" merely seized the sensation of the hour.

We have now before us two stately volumes on "The Servian People," by one in some respects unusually well qualified to speak for his countrymen. Prince Lazarovich-Hrebellanovich conveys, from personal knowledge and the study of excellent sources, mainly Slavic, much valuable information concerning the physical, mental, and moral characteristics of the Servian race and the geographical features of all Serb territories—the Kingdom of Servia proper, Montenegro and the "Servian lands under foreign domination" (Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia-Slavonia, the Banat, and Old Servia, *i. e.*, the vilayet of Kossovo, with the Sandjak of Novi-Bazar and parts of the vilayet of Monastir and Saloniki). The author brings to the execution of his task unbounded admiration for the valor of the Serb in war and for his homely virtues in peace, qualities to which other than native writers have borne abundant testimony. In picturesque, even if not always idiomatic, language, Prince Lazarovich-Hrebellanovich extols all that is most attractive in the character of the Serb: "his wit and love of merriment, of song and dance, and keen practical proverbs, his pride and *grand seigneurism*," eulogizing likewise, in the public life of the nation, the workings of its democratic institutions, established many centuries ago, such as trial by jury and "popular participation by discussion in all decisions affecting the general welfare of the Serb group, tribe, clan, principality, state, or empire." He justly lays stress on the beneficent workings of the communal Zadruga, which exacts from all equal effort and shelters every member from want. Servia has been well termed "the poor man's paradise," and even the "Statesman's Year-Book" speaks only of "a few poor families" in the kingdom. Economists, however, may question whether the patriarchal system of the Zadruga is favorable to the nation's highest industrial development.

The martial spirit of the race, according to our author, awoke with the very dawn of history. Whereas Ranke hesitated to unravel the web of tradition which shrouds the first appearance of the Serb on historic ground, he confidently goes back to Homer to show that the ancestors of his race "brought their troops to defend Troy." His entire second volume is devoted to the minute and often tedious recital of the endless struggles of the nation against the Byzantine Empire and the relentless Ottoman yoke. The history of the last hundred years, that is to say, the period beginning with the war of liberation under the leadership of Karageorge, in

1804, receives comparatively scant treatment. In dealing with modern Servia, the author is willing to admit that, even if the people can do no wrong, the king can; though his criticism of Milan and Alexander is founded mainly on what he deems their abject subservience to Austria, and not on their private vices and public incapacity. "So long as the Obrenovich dynasty ruled in Servia, that is, during the reigns of Milan and his son Alexander, the Servian King had to obey the orders privately conveyed to him from the Austrian Emperor by the mouth of the Austrian military attaché in Belgrade." Indeed, hatred of the Hapsburgs pervades the entire work. There is not a redeeming feature in the picture of Austrian rule over Serb subjects. In Bosnia and Herzegovina (where the constructive work of Von Kállay called forth the admiration of all Europe) Lazarovich finds only an "elaborate and complete police system, penetrating every department of life, public and private, such as is unknown in any other country," and, moreover, "a great deal of starvation"; while in Dalmatia, since it became a crownland of Austria, in 1814, "general traffic has declined and shrivelled," and her wonderful historic towns are "more or less dead." Nor do, in the account here given, the Serb provinces of Hungary fare better under Magyar rule. Croatia has a population "practically starving," and in the Banat (whose southern part, the former Servian Vojvodina, is very largely inhabited by Serbs) the "small Magyar minority" is said to exercise the most ruthless tyranny over the non-Magyar electors at the polls. "Many unsubmitive non-Magyars are shot down, the victims on election days often numbering some hundreds of dead and wounded in every county."

While, in describing political conditions, the author is led astray by excess of patriotic fervor, he is a safe and pleasant guide through the villages and mountain ranges of his native country. The elaborate ceremonies of the "Slava"—the celebration of the family saint—which dates back to pre-Christian ancestor worship; engagement and marriage festivities and burial rites; the curious invocation of the "Dodola," the mystic demigoddess, personified by a gypsy girl, in whose keeping are the waters of springs and streams; the solemnities attending the starting of fire for the family hearth—part of the eternal holy flame; the observances of Christmas and Easter, in which religious rejoicing has more than once kindled warlike ardor; the patriarchal relations between parents and children; the sacredness of the ties of kinship—all this finds in Prince Lazarovich a sympathetic and substantially accurate interpreter. In speaking of the charm of the old Servian ballads, he is, however, misled into saying that Goethe "made translations from them

into Western tongues, and he ranked them with the Iliad and Odyssey." Goethe translated into German, as a very young man, from a French version, a single poem, the famous "Klaggesang der edeln Frauen des Asan Aga," and late in life he was much attracted by a German translation of Karajitch's collection of Serb folk-lore, but he was unacquainted with any Slavic language, and he did not, greatly as he admired these ballads, express himself concerning them in the way imputed to him. Kanitz, however, in a striking passage, speaks of their magic charm, "which seems to conjure up the age of the Iliad and Odyssey."

The general accuracy of Lazarovich's text in the transliteration of Serb names is a commendable feature of the work, though there is inconsistency as to the end syllable *ev*, which is rendered indifferently as "vich" and "vitch." The transliteration of the name of the Polish poet Mickiewicz into "Mitsklyevich," though phonetically correct, is an unwarranted innovation. Among minor slips may be mentioned "Chancellor" Bach (the author of the Concordat of 1855 was merely cabinet minister), and "Archbishop" Strossmayer (the doughty champion of Croatian rights was only a bishop). A more serious blemish is the indiscriminate inclusion, among "men of Serb stock," of foreign celebrities like Schiavone, Carpaccio, Kossuth, Deák, and "Petoffyi" (*sic*). The story of the "Servian" Count Zrinyi, who lives in Magyar history as the heroic defender of Sziget against Turkey, in the sixteenth century, is related merely as an incident of the "absolute heroism" of the Serb in the wars of liberation.

The author, in the very title of the book, lays stress on the "past glory" of the Servian people, and in dealing with the modern history of his countrymen he makes it sufficiently clear that his sympathies are neither with the Karageorgevitches nor with the Obrenovitches, who have for a hundred years guided the destinies of Servia—subject to assassination and deposition. His heart is in the days of the glorious fourteenth century, with Knez Lazar, generally referred to in these volumes as "Tsar Lazar Hrebellanovich." According to the best authorities, the house of the Lazarevitches (as they are commonly called) became extinct with Lazar's son, Stephen, who died childless, in 1427. The name Lazarevitch recurs, however, in the subsequent history of Servia (as in the rising of Karageorge), and while the author himself speaks of a mere "tradition" of a son-in-law of Czar Lazar, he evidently believes in the unbroken continuity of the family title down to the present time. He refers to a member of the Lazarovich-Hrebellanovich family as residing, in 1774, in Prussian Silesia, "the birthplace of the author's great-grandfather." Much to the

reader's surprise, the scion of this princely family (albeit the "Almanach de Gotha" recognizes no Servian aristocracy) appears in an entirely new rôle in an appendix to the second volume, where he pleads at length for the construction of a Serbo-Turkish waterway, based on "tables of estimates as furnished to Prince Lazarovich-Hrebelianovich for the American Engineering Company," at a total cost of \$65,000,000. But this portion of the work must be left to professional experts.

Blair Jaekel's "The Land of the Tamed Turk" and Harry de Windt's "Through Savage Europe" have much in common—the journalistic origin, the hurried flitting from place to place, the lively descriptions of scenery, the abundant illustrations (those of "Savage Europe," in particular, being remarkably varied and life-like), and, it must be said, their frequent lack of accuracy in the rendering of Serb, Bulgarian, and other proper nouns. Mr. de Windt's volume is somewhat more comprehensive in scope, as he adds a chapter on "The Red Flag in Russia," whose gruesome details certainly fit better into the title of the book than do his glowing accounts of Bulgaria as "a land of milk and honey," and of the society of Belgrade as one where "the Servian girl of French education is generally better read and far more accomplished than her English prototype." Occasionally, the author's exuberant fancy leads him into strange metaphors, as when he asserts, of the capital of Bulgaria, that "no mushroom city in Western America ever sprang so quickly into a prosperous being from the ashes of filth and a corrupt administration." Both he and the writer of "The Land of the Tamed Turk" devote an inordinate amount of space to the murder of Alexander and Draga. Mr. de Windt claims to be "in a position to give the reader probably the first absolutely authentic account of the assassination of the late King and Queen of Servia which has ever been published in England" (his book seems to have been written three years after that event); but there is not much to choose between some of his authorities—the French palmist and the London crystal gazer—and Mr. Jaekel's three persons of "cabalistic power" to whom, in his own lurid story, he is "compelled to give credence."

CURRENT FICTION.

The New Machiavelli. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co.

It is odd that Mr. Wells, radical and quasi-socialist that he is, should not have courage to depart from the lumbering British usage of dividing his novel into four or five "Books," each of which has to be painfully subdivided into the unit-group of chapters. Four books and five hundred unpadding pages make up this

latest output of Mr. Wells's plant. Apparently, we have no single American writer who can come near paralleling the annual product (in pages) of Mr. Wells, or Mr. Phillpotts, or Mr. Bennett, or Mr. Benson, or Mr. Chesterton, or Mr. Lucas. Perhaps, we shall clear matters up to the best advantage, and with the greatest expedition, by stating that Remington, the hero and interlocutor of this narrative, is a male Ann Veronica—or rather an Ann Veronica dressed in its proper clothes, and tagged with its proper masculine label. Hardly since Montaigne—or Rousseau—has there sounded a voice so frank in confession of the fact of sexual experience; though here, to be sure, the mask of fiction is at the writer's service.

The "new Machiavelli" is son of "a lank-limbed man in easy shabby tweed clothes, and with his hands in his trouser pockets, . . . a science teacher." Remington senior, it appears, knows little—or can little—of science. He lectures acceptably, being a genial soul, but real experiment is avoided. "Science is the organized conquest of Nature," comments the son, "and I can quite understand that ancient libertine refusing to coöperate in her own undoing." Remington senior preferred what he calls "illustrative" experiment. Real experiments he did not do, "if he could possibly help it, because, in the first place, they used up time and gas for the Bunsen burner and good material in a ruinous fashion, and, in the second, they were, in his rather careless and sketchy hands, apt to endanger the apparatus of the Institute and even the lives of the students. Then, thirdly, real experiments involved washing up." The poor gentleman dies of too much suburban property (an estate too real), and Remington junior is left to pursue his way, not less disastrously. He becomes a university man, a politician, a publicist. Contemporaneously, he makes his way as a bachelor, sexually initiated somewhat later than the usual age, as a childless married man, and as a lover and father. He has the advantage of Ann Veronica—a bond of sympathy with Mr. Polly—in being undisguisedly a man. The book is disfigured only by passages of didacticism and of comment upon current English politics which but mildly concern the American reader.

Robinetta. By Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Findlater, Jane Findlater, Allan McAulay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Whether too many cooks have spoiled the broth, or the hand of the chief cook has lost its cunning, this is but a pale and savorless infusion. Time was when a considerable clientele looked to Mrs. Wiggin for a literary fare which, without pretending to nutrition, was at least spicy and palatable. She had, no doubt, her lapses. The "Diary of a

Goose Girl" came between "A Cathedral Courtship" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Her liveliness and bubbling humor have been fated to sink on occasion into mere jauntiness and pertness, and even to verge upon that coarseness which so strangely accompanies the play of feminine humor when it becomes self-conscious. "Robinetta" is more than a lapse—fairly a *débâcle*. It is as if Mrs. Wiggin and her three friends had united in a desperate attempt to imitate Mrs. Wiggin. As is common with imitations, the faults of the model are exaggerated, and its merit but faintly suggested. The old material is used. Robinetta is an American girl—a widow, as it chanced; but that is mere piquancy—adventuring in England. The frontispiece represents her as about thirteen, but the text admits her to be twenty-two. Her mother was an Englishwoman, and Robinetta, a relict comfortably provided for, journeys to England to look up her relatives and her mother's old nurse. The people at Stoke Revel Manor are all that tradition demands—a dowager aunt, in possession; her spinster, not to say cattish, companion; a schoolboy; and the omnipresent British servant. The dowager and the spinster do what they can to make things disagreeable for the young guest. Robinetta, for her part, is of the breezy, voluble, flirtatious, smart, and "smarty" type of female American, though it is clear that her author (or authors) would not apply all of these adjectives to her. They think her very charming (of course she is distractingly pretty), and they have no sympathy whatever with the dowager. Their view of her is fortunately shared not only by the schoolboy midshipman, but by the visiting young man, whose rôle need hardly be specified. He is somewhat languidly in the law, but is understood to be in need of nothing but inspiration. Of course, the midshipman falls absurdly in love with his cousin, and further serves as obstacle in the path of the true lovers, which might otherwise be all too smooth. There is small excuse for stretching out the mild idyllic incident to the prescribed length of the novel of commerce.

Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger. By John Masefield. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

More than once of late Monmouth's fiasco has been made the theme of the romancer. Here it represents rather the setting or occasion for the action, than the substance thereof. The tale is pretty frankly a tale of adventure; and the historical element is not permitted to weigh upon the reader's consciousness. This is as it should be. The trouble with our historical fiction—the most serious trouble, at least—is that it takes itself too seriously as history. We see too clearly the author's preoccupation

with his period or his catastrophe. His human figures are mere illustrative puppets. Now it is true that Scott was deeply interested in the historical scene of his romance, but always as a scene, always with a human story in the foreground, demanding our chief interest. We do not mean to compare Mr. Masefield with his great original. His touch upon the historical background is sketchy and even jaunty in the extreme. But we do feel that, partly on account of his nonchalance itself, he gets closer to the atmosphere of the duke's futile adventure than various chroniclers who have attempted the story in a more scrupulous and even 'prayerful spirit. Young Martin Hyde is a sufficiently preposterous little person, and his alleged doings are neither more nor less credible than the ordinary achievements of the romantic hero. The tale contains also the lovely adventuress (who is the heroine) and the villainous mariner without whom the recipe would be incomplete.

813. By Maurice Leblanc. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The preceding volume of Arsène Lupin's miraculous adventures in crime had a good deal to do with such antiquated royalties as Charlemagne and Louis XI and Napoleon. The present record audaciously (and we must say, with ill taste) brings in the living Emperor of Germany, who visits Lupin in his cell in a Paris jail for the purpose of getting from him letters of Bismarck and Frederick, which concern Alsace and Lorraine. The mystery of the book is remarkably well sustained, and, for one who is not bored by Lupin's superhuman exemption from accident and human weakness, the plot moves to a thoroughly dramatic climax.

AULARD'S REVOLUTION.

The French Revolution: A Political History, 1789-1804. By A. Aulard. Translated with a preface, notes, and historical summary by Bernard Miall. Four volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$8.

The appearance of a translation of Professor Aulard's "French Revolution" must naturally be an event of some importance to that body of readers interested in the Revolution, but not conversant with French. Ten years ago, the author published the first edition of this history, which, in a sense, sums up the greater part of a lifetime of work devoted almost entirely to the one subject. The present translation is made from the third French edition, which has, of course, had the benefit of criticism and revision, and may, therefore, be regarded as representing M. Aulard's views with entire adequacy. The

publication of the speeches of the Revolutionary orators, the documentary history of the Jacobin Club, the Acts of the Committee of Public Safety, and of the documents "for the history of public spirit in Paris," his essay on Taine as an historian, with the editorship of the *Revue de la Révolution Française* since 1887, abundantly evidence his qualifications and the tendency of his mind. Indeed, the sub-title of the original edition of his book, "The Origins and Development of Democracy and the Republic," expresses far more precisely than the sub-title of the translation, "A Political History," what this book really is.

One may hope and expect that these volumes will be widely read and used, but it is too much to expect that many who go to them for what is commonly known as the history of the French Revolution will not be disappointed. For the author would be the first to admit that no adequate conception of every side of the Revolution can be gleaned from these pages. "I propose," he says, in his preface, "to show how the principles of the Declaration of Rights were, between 1789 and 1804, put into operation by the institutions of the time; or interpreted by speeches, by the press, by the policies of the various political parties, and by the manifestations of public opinion." "Military, financial, and diplomatic history I leave on one side. I do not wish to disguise the fact," he continues, "that this abstraction may seem dangerous, and I expose myself to the reproach of having falsified history by a process of mutilation. . . . No historical work is sufficient to itself or to the reader. This of mine presupposes and demands the reading of others." It is this last sentence quoted in the translator's preface which becomes at once the key and the text of the present volumes. "To increase the interest for those who have not the leisure or the inclination to read other histories, and have not a knowledge or memory of the period sufficient to dispense with such reading," Mr. Miall has "prefaced the author's text with a brief sketch of the events leading up to the Revolution, a few remarks on the causes and nature of the Revolution, and a chronological summary of the chief events of the period, with explanatory notes and brief biographical sketches of the principal figures of the time." In short, apart from the notes, which are numerous and often very long, sixty pages of the first volume and more than a hundred in all are taken up with this attempt to supplement Aulard's text with sufficient material to make it intelligible to the ordinary reader.

This, with the large type, goes to explain how Aulard's original volume has grown to four at the hands of publisher and translator. Even so there is no bibliography save such as is contained in the notes, and the index leaves

much to be desired. It contains, to take only a few instances, no references to Assembly, National, Constituent, or Legislative, neither Directory nor Consulate. These, indeed, are found in the Supplementary Index. But neither there nor elsewhere—save in the Chronological Summary—are found references to even the principal battles of the period. This, no doubt, in some measure grows out of the character of the work itself. Of the flight of the King, Aulard records—"It was on the night of June 20th that the King fled in disguise with his family." And, although, he says, "It was the victory of Valmy and the retreat of the Prussians that converted France so swiftly" to a republic, no further notice nor description of that event appears. It is thus evident that the attempt of an editor and translator to transmute an essentially scholarly, philosophical, even psychological monograph on the development of democratic ideas and practice, innocent of all pretence of narrating many of the most important phases of that great movement, into a popular history for the general reader, is fraught with great if not insuperable difficulties. It may be doubted whether it was quite worth while. Aulard's work, in itself so valuable, despite its limitations, is, after all, not wholly adapted throughout to the uses of the ordinary reader. It is questionable whether it can be made so by any amount of machinery or whether it ought to be. The present work will be useful, but not for its introduction, notes, and chronological summary. It will be for the translating, not the editing. As to the English version, one may say at once that it is clear and generally satisfactory. The frequent recurrence of the historic present will doubtless prove a source of irritation to some and there are occasional phrases that do not sound quite idiomatic.

Yet, with all this, there is no question that Aulard, in an English dress, is a welcome addition to our Revolutionary literature. His work is, indeed, a monograph. It omits much essential even to its own argument. It confines itself too closely to France, in particular to the speech and actions of the Assembly and public opinion. It leans, perhaps, a little toward the Jacobins, and stresses somewhat the Commune of Paris. Yet, when all is said, we find, as the conflict deepens and centres itself in Paris and the Assembly, not, indeed, a full account of the Terror, but an evaluation of the men and forces which went to make up the struggle, so clear, so vigorous, as to atone in no small degree for that lack of narrative which perplexes us elsewhere. There is enough fire in the account of Robespierre's fall and death even for the dramatic historian, and, in the sections on the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, the narrative causes one the more regret

that the author so deliberately cut himself off from the equally important movements and situations outside the Assembly. These the translator has preserved in all the vigor of the original, and it is certain that the reader to whom this translation is addressed, if he once comes clear of the machinery and monographic political philosophy of the earlier part, will not willingly lay the volumes aside as the narrative approaches the crises of Republicanism. Then, if not earlier, the book will be popular enough.

Cagliostro: The Splendor and Misery of a Master of Magic. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.

Mr. Trowbridge admits in his preface that he was drawn to the subject of the present memoir by the mystery and magic attending the career of an arch-impostor; his intention was, apparently, to produce another volume of piquant anecdotes similar to his "Seven Splendid Sinners" (which, as a matter of fact, is not so wicked as its title promises). But on looking into the various books and articles on Cagliostro, he found them so full of errors that he determined to produce a serious biography. The "arch-impostor" disappears under what bears a little the hue of "whitewash," although Mr. Trowbridge indignantly repudiates the charge.

The subject was well worth investigating, and, whether we agree with Mr. Trowbridge or not in his conclusions, we should be grateful to him for a frank presentation of the material. And on certain points he has made a strong case. He is unquestionably right in emphasizing the tainted nature of some of the sources from which the popular notion of Cagliostro has sprung. His argument against the identification of Cagliostro with the wretched Giuseppe Balsamo is fairly convincing. Further, his rejection of the traditional view of Cagliostro as a conscious hypocrite and scoundrel is, we think, based on a sound conception of human nature. But beyond this we cannot follow Mr. Trowbridge. There is a large field between a "sordid impostor," which Cagliostro may not have been, and the admirable character Mr. Trowbridge would have him to be. It seems a bit credulous to lend a willing ear, as does Mr. Trowbridge, to Cagliostro's wild stories of adventure in Mecca and Medina. Nor do we quite understand Mr. Trowbridge's repeated encomiums of Cagliostro for not taking money for specific acts of healing. He was able, until the ruin that followed the Diamond Necklace affair, to live in splendid style, spending, it was reputed, as much as 100,000 livres a year in Paris. This money came to him largely from the lodges of Egyptian Masonry, which he established all over Europe, and which regarded

him as a great *illuminé*. "The principal resource I have to boast of," he once testified in court, "is that as soon as I set foot in any country I find there a banker who supplies me with everything I want." These abundant resources depended on his character for mystical illumination and superhuman virtue, which was fostered by his free-handed habit of curing the sick, by apparently miraculous means, without accepting compensation. It is perfectly footless to say, as Mr. Trowbridge does in Italics: "There is not a single authenticated instance in which he derived personal profit by imposture," when he was drawing a large and constant revenue from systematically duping the public. This is not to imply that he deliberately calculated such an effect in the manner of a conscious hypocrite. It means rather that he was himself largely a victim of the great wave of charlatanry that swept over Europe in the last half of the eighteenth century. It is probable that in some dark way he actually believed in the hocus-pocus of his Egyptian lodges; no doubt, too, he regarded himself as a true model of the quatrain inscribed on the prints of him by Bartolozzi that were scattered broadcast.

De l'ami des humains reconnaissez les traits;
Tous ses jours sont marqués par de nouveaux bienfaits,
Il prolonge la vie, il secourt l'indigence;
Le plaisir d'être utile est seul sa récompense.

The very source of this noxious mingling of crass superstition and mystical spirituality, of personal profit and exalted humanitarianism, was just the frame of mind which looked upon any analysis of motives as derogatory to the higher life; to question enthusiasm—"enthusymusy," as Byron called it—was to deny inspiration and fall back into the flat levels of rationalism. The outburst of the rosicrucians, *illuminés*, friends of mankind, etc., especially in Germany, is to any sane mind one of the most repulsive chapters of history; and Cagliostro, after all possible excuses are made, was one of the most repulsive of these practitioners of profitable virtue.

The best parts of Mr. Trowbridge's book are those which tell of Cagliostro's life with the *illuminés* of Mittau, and which in a more general way describe the outbreak of superstition throughout Europe. He has added nothing new in this field, but he has treated in a popular way a subject of which little is popularly known. Indeed, many scholars might be led to modify their views of the Continental European literature of that period if they were more familiar with this aspect of its background. Mr. Trowbridge's half-admiration for Cagliostro we can in no wise share, but his book is interesting, well document-

ed, and provides its own antidote for what seems to us false judgment.

The Collected Works of Ambrose Bierce.
New York: The Neale Publishing Co.

Four volumes have now appeared of this sumptuous publication. The first volume contains essays in social satire and some autobiographical sketches; the second and third consist of collections of short stories, and the fourth of verse. Mr. Bierce's low estimate of democracy and all its works, which has been conveyed to the public mainly through the newspapers, attained the dignity of book form when "The Shadow on the Dial" was published two years ago. (Reviewed in the *Nation* of September 30, 1909, with examples of the author's style). The present group of social and political essays reveals no new qualities. Mr. Bierce writes wittily and with a practised hand; his extravagance in paradox and his fury of disgust with human nature and existing institutions may be excused as almost necessary to a journalistic competition for general attention. But they do not go well between covers. One example of them would be ten times as effective as ten examples, and the lady who sold Tarquin the Sibylline books would have been a sounder literary adviser for Mr. Bierce than any other subscription agent known to the trade.

The volumes of tales, entitled respectively "In the Midst of Life" and "Can Such Things Be?" include the stories published under the former title in 1898, with many additions. Several of those that deal with the civil war have almost classical qualities. They are brief, restrained, uncompromising. In their bald use of the hideous phenomena of war they inevitably suggest a comparison with Kipling, and they can stand the comparison, for Mr. Bierce has the advantage of having been himself a soldier. Not only does he know intimately what he is talking about but the profound experience of war has given him an insight into its psychology which no non-combatant—not even Tolstoy—can attain. "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge" is a masterpiece of horror.

The ghost-stories which make up the bulk of the two volumes are not so remarkable as the war-tales. If there is any literary ingredient which needs to be sparingly used it is the *macabre*. Mr. Bierce's first deserted house produces something of a thrill, but there are a dozen deserted houses. And in any house he deals with, deserted or not, the sheeted corpse upon the table, its features sharply outlined beneath the veil, is so inviolable a phenomenon that the reader feels quite cosey and at home with it, and indeed looks about for it on entering. The interest of the tales is intellectual. The reader feels that the

writer is not really afraid of ghosts himself. In this field Mr. Bierce has evoked a mightier rival than Kipling, and he cannot successfully compete with Poe.

Of the verse contained in the fourth volume it is perhaps enough to say that it is probably not immortal.

Notes

The scene of "An Old Maid's Vengeance," the new novel by Frances Powell, which is to come early this month from the Scribner press, is an old villa in the Riviera.

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce for early publication: T. Chalmers Potter's "Queenie, the Autobiography of an Italian Queen Bee"; novels by Harry Irvine Greene and Beatrice Grimshaw, entitled respectively, "Barbara of the Snows" and "When the Red Gods Call"; an enlarged edition of William Winter's "Gray Days and Gold," and a mystery story, "The Substitute Prisoner," by Max Marcin.

Houghton Mifflin Co. will issue March 11: "The End of a Song," by Jeannette Marks; "Yosemite Trails," by J. Smeaton Chase; "Wells Brothers, the Young Cattle Kings," by Andy Adams; "The Face of the Fields," by Dallas Lore Sharp; "A Study of Greatness in Men," by J. N. Larned; "A Roman Wit," by Paul Nixon, and "A Bibliography of the White Mountains," by Allen H. Bent.

Robert Hichens's new novel, "The Dweller on the Threshold," is brought out this week by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Henry Holt & Co. have been busy with a revised edition of John D. Champlin's "Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Persons and Places," which may be expected March 11.

"Such a Woman," by Owen and Leita Kildare, and "Priest and Layman," by Mrs. Ada Carter, are among the spring novels announced by Wessels & Bissell Co.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have in preparation Mrs. Harriet T. Comstock's new novel, "Joyce of the North Woods."

The Baker & Taylor Co. announces a new edition, with additional poems, of "In Praise of Gardens," edited by Temple Scott.

Spring announcements of the University of Chicago Press include: "The Elementary Course in English," by James Fleming Hosie; "Child Mind and Child Religion," by Edwin D. Starbuck; "The Theology of Schleiermacher," by George Cross; "The Hebrew Prophets, or Patriots and Leaders of Israel," by Georgia L. Chamberlin, which is a text-book for pupils of high-school age, and a pamphlet, "Sir Perceval," by Reginald H. Griffith.

Sir John Evans's Horn Books, with specimens from A. W. Tuer's collection, and others described by him in his "History of the Horn Book," will be sold at Sotheby's on the 17th.

Dr. A. W. Verrall has been appointed to the new professorship of English at Cambridge, England.

Buttressed, so to speak, between an Introduction by Earnest Hamlin Abbott and a concluding Historical Summary by Dr. Ly-

man Abbott, fourteen of Mr. Roosevelt's campaign speeches and editorials on "The New Nationalism" come from the press of the Outlook Company. It was a brave act thus to step in between the much maligned campaigner and any frontal or rear attack on his system, but it was scarcely generous in the Introducer to suggest that the New Nationalism is only another turn for the name New Federalism, which had already been given to the "national consciousness" by the Outlook as one of the "other leaders of public opinion." The book has value as a permanent record of Mr. Roosevelt's views.

Two new volumes of Everyman's Library (Dutton) have come to our table containing (1) Dostoevsky's "Crime and Punishment," translated by Frederick Whishaw, and (2) "Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers," being a modernized reprint of Morton's "New England's Memorial," and five other chronicles. The Introduction to the latter is by John Masefield, who also provides occasional notes.

The first volume of "The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift, D. D." (Macmillan) begins a work the interest of which for students of literature and readers will scarcely be exaggerated. Three years ago the task of editing the letters was undertaken by Caesar Litton Falkiner, who was already known in this field for his contribution to the twelve-volume edition of Swift's "Prose Works" in Bohn's Library. The death of Mr. Falkiner within a year transferred the projected work to the hand of F. Elrington Ball. However the loss of the first editor may be regretted, it must be added that Mr. Ball's treatment of the material published in this first volume deserves high commendation. As in the great majority of the letters a facsimile reproduction is no longer possible, the editor has wisely modernized the spelling and style of printing throughout. The notes are sufficient and judicious. This first volume contains a few letters of value for understanding Swift's character, notably that to Miss Jane Waring, dated "Dublin, May 4, 1700." But for the most part it contains the correspondence between Swift and Archbishop King, which deals with Irish ecclesiastical matters of no great interest. The last letter included carries us down to December 20, 1712. We shall reserve fuller comment on this important publication until one or two more volumes have been added.

Of the several volumes of poetical works which have been issued recently by the Oxford University Press (Henry Frowde), that of Dryden should be mentioned first, if only because of its exterior; it is bound in felt, of a color which one might more readily have associated with a pseudo-romanticist—crushed raspberry—and which at any rate makes one loath to close the volume, once it is open; thin paper brings this great bulk of verse into surprisingly small compass. The introduction and notes are by John Sargeant, who has, like another recent editor of Dryden, George Noyes, made a complete collation of the original texts; together, they will help to remove forever some of those traditional textual errors from which Dryden's work, especially, has suffered. The poetical plays are not included. More cautious in binding than the Dryden volume is the deep colored

leather employed in "The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore," edited by A. D. Godley. This edition purports to reproduce exactly that which appeared under Moore's supervision in 1841, save for the omission of the historical preface and such notes as are not strictly explanatory. Mr. Godley's introduction is spirited even while presenting nothing that is new. In addition to this form, the publishers have put forth a school edition. In double form, also—the one in the series known as Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry and the other for school purposes—is Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound, with Other Poems," which is based upon the edition published by Ollier, in 1820, with the manifest errors corrected; the school edition is provided with an introduction and notes by A. M. D. Hughes. To the Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry has likewise been added "Poems of Clough," including "Ambarvalia" and both versions of "The Bothie." A brief preface and a few footnotes have been prepared by H. S. Milford.

Twenty years ago it would have been difficult to recommend to an inquiring student a treatise of moderate compass on the religion of the Old Testament written from the point of view of modern scientific history. There are now a number of such manuals, and to the list may be added Arthur Galton's translation of Loisy's "Religion of Israel" (Putnam). The author, whose conflict with his ecclesiastical superiors and subsequent excommunication excited interest throughout Christendom, is now professor of the history of religions at the Collège de France. He writes on Hebrew religion purely as an historian, without apologetic interest or endeavor to reconcile his conclusions with adherence to the church. His first chapter is on The Sources, in which he does not differ widely from the general conclusions of the Wellhausen school. He does not agree with Winckler in the derivation of the Mosiac legends and the histories of the Judges and David from Babylonian myths. One of the most valuable portions of the volume is the exhibition of the relation of early Hebrew religion to other Semitic faiths, but it is in his treatment of the work of the prophets and the value of prophetism in the preservation of the religion of Israel that Loisy is most original and suggestive. Here the same feeling comes out as to the necessity of ritual and social institutions, in order to the perpetuation of faith, that was manifest in his criticism of Harnack's "Essence of Christianity." He says, "Religions, in history, are not theories, nor sentiment, nor mystical aspirations, but the traditions of social life guaranteed by the consecration of a ritual." He dissents, therefore, from the view that "the religion of the prophets was materialized, narrowed, and lowered by the Law." There may be truth in the view that the written law kept alive the faith of Israel, but this judgment may easily lead to lack of appreciation of the character and influence of the prophets. No one but a Puritan can really understand the great masters of Israel's faith. In his sketch of Hebrew religion as a whole, however, Loisy exhibits penetrating discernment, sanity of judgment, and not infrequently brilliancy of insight.

The third annual volume of "Writings on American History" (Macmillan), prepared by Grace G. Griffin, covers the pub-

fications of the year 1908, and conforms in all respects to the plan adopted for its predecessors. The cost of publication has thus far been met by a group of subscribing societies and individuals, but for the future the bibliography will appear as part of the annual Report of the American Historical Association, an arrangement that will guarantee its continuance. The usefulness of the work has been amply demonstrated.

The tenth volume of the "Index of Economic Material in Documents of the States of the United States" (Carnegie Institution of Washington), relates to Delaware, 1789-1904. Again, as in the case of the volume on Kentucky, the editor, Miss Hasse, has to record the regrettable fact that it has not been possible to collate a continuous file of the Journals of the Senate and the House of Representatives. The Senate Journals for the years from 1789 to 1791, constituting eight sessions, are missing, and as very few copies of the early journals were printed, there is little hope that the lost numbers will be found. Miss Hasse's comment to the effect that Delaware is that one of the thirteen original States whose documents have received the least attention, recalls Professor Dawson's remark in his report on the public archives of Delaware, that "there is probably no State in the Union where one would find less material for writing its history than in Delaware, and there is certainly no one of the original thirteen in which so few records have been made, and where so little care has been taken of those that have been made." The scarcity of documentary material in Delaware is in part due to the carelessness of officials (part of the papers were used by the janitor of the State House to start fires), and in part to "the dishonesty of students and antiquarians from within and without the State, who have abused the confidence of the State officials."

The fifth volume of the Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the United States Military Academy is a disappointment. The late Gen. George W. Cullum made two great bequests to his alma mater, the West Point Military Academy—the beautiful memorial hall, which means so much to the institution, and a fund sufficient to publish every ten years a supplement to his Register of Graduates, originally issued in 1868. The three volumes compiled by Gen. Cullum prior to his death form an invaluable reference work and one of the most useful biographical compilations extant. Moreover, it was brought together with scrupulous accuracy and scholarly thoroughness. The volume before us falls off deplorably from the standards of Gen. Cullum. Both in typography and paper the book is inferior. Its value is marred primarily by the fact that nearly two hundred graduates failed to make any response to the circulars for information. For this, the editor, Lieut. Charles Braden, is not to be blamed. The War Department itself has had so much trouble in getting officers to answer business communications that it has had to court-martial several within the last two years for this epistolary neglect. Lieut. Braden has had the same experience with disastrous results to the work before us, and, curiously enough, he has been greatly handicapped by the War Department—

as stupid a piece of bureaucratic shortsightedness as has come to our notice. As he himself tells the story: "The editors of the previous editions were able to procure from the files of the War Department records not otherwise obtainable. The editor of this edition was denied this privilege, and is greatly disappointed with the results of his labors."

But much as we should like to acquit Lieut. Braden of all blame, we cannot do so. Marks of careless editing and inefficient proofreading are everywhere. Thus, there is no excuse whatever for the misprinting of names of living officers. For instance, Major Armand I. Lasseigne becomes Armand L. Lasseigne; again, Lorenzo P. Davison becomes Lorenzo P. Davison, and similar instances could be cited indefinitely, as, for instance, on page 842, where it is gravely stated that Lieut. Kenneth B. Harmon is the son of Col. M. F. Harrison instead of Col. M. F. Harmon. Again, there is no sense of proportion in the editing, some of the officers having pages and others only a few lines, the former accounts being padded by such insignificant details as that the officer has had three days' leave or seven days' leave. Moreover, many of the notices could have been bettered by Lieut. Braden even if he had not heard from the officers in question. For instance, when, in many cases, the family history of officers is given, it is rather surprising to find no mention of the fact that Lieut. Ulysses S. Grant 3d is the son of Gen. Frederick D. Grant and the grandson of Gen. U. S. Grant. Similar facts in a good many cases were available from the Army Register or the monthly army record, but were not utilized. All this is so poor a return to make for Gen. Cullum's bequests as to appear almost an infidelity to that gallant officer and patriotic son of West Point. Before the next volume appears, in 1920, it is to be hoped that the then superintendent of West Point, in connection with an enlightened Secretary of War, will see to it that there is a return to the high standard of the earlier volumes, that they may be hereafter as in the past a great source of accurate information for historians, librarians, genealogists, and journalists, besides a memorial to the patriotism and self-sacrifice of the graduates of the Military Academy.

The Mexican government is commemorating last summer's centennial of its independence by issuing a series of volumes of "Documentos Historicos" of the revolutionary period. The editorial work has been done by D. Genaro Garcia, who has made this his chief occupation since his appointment as director of the National Museum of Archaeology, History, and Anthropology, some three years ago. The books are printed at the Museum Press, and the typography, presswork, and admirable reproductions of portraits, manuscripts, paintings in colors, as well as the charming decorative head and tail-pieces, suggest that Mexico has little to learn from government printing offices elsewhere. The first two volumes of the series, which is planned to number eighteen in all, are devoted to the various apparently unconnected efforts to start outbreaks against the Spanish control, during the years 1807-1809. The scattered nature of the evidence

which has been collected shows that the idea of independence was very much in people's minds, although most of them had the haziest notions as to what they really wanted to accomplish. The third and fourth volumes contain the history, so far as it has been possible to gather it together, of the periodical press of the revolutionary party. Sr. Garcia has made a most important contribution to our understanding of the way in which the leaders in the struggle against Spain gained and held the effective support of the body of the Mexican people by constantly supplying them with the arguments, of varying degrees of moderation, which justified the movement for independence. The volumes reproduce, in excellent facsimile, the surviving copies which Sr. Garcia has been able to find of these most ephemeral periodicals. Printed in the majority of cases wherever the patriot army was able to maintain its headquarters, with itinerant presses and workmen, on such paper as could be obtained by the fortunes of war, these issues of what can hardly be styled "newspapers" afford material for the study of a very significant aspect of the struggle for Mexican autonomy. Of the two other volumes of Sr. Garcia's series already issued, the fifth contains the story of the part played by the women who figured largely in the underlying negotiations, and occasionally in the open fighting as well, between the patriots and the Spanish officials. They were efficient counsellors, and often very militant, but a cursory examination of the documents relating to their activities raises a strong doubt whether they would have wished their record to be considered as a chapter in the struggle for suffrage. The sixth volume is devoted to the legal proceedings against those whom the officials regarded as the real fomenters of the outbreak of 1810.

In 1862 William de La Rive published his recollections of his kinsman, Cavour. They remain, after half a century, the best intimate sketches of the consummate statesman, whose great-niece, the Marchesa Adele Alfieri di Sostegno, has recently had an Italian version of them made for the centenary of Cavour. This volume possesses the unique merit of containing nearly a score of illustrations, among which are portraits of Cavour at different ages, of his parents and relatives, and views of Santena, the Cavour country-place near Turin. Most of these pictures are given for the first time, because the statesman's heirs have shrunk from this sort of modern publicity. The veteran Marquis Emilio Visconti Venosta, who married the elder of Cavour's great-nieces, furnishes a brief introduction to this interesting volume (Turin: Fratelli Bocca), which prints, also, three remarkable letters of Cavour in 1828, 1830, and 1831.

"The Island of Stone Money," by Dr. William Henry Furness 3d (Philadelphia: Lippincott), is an attractive account of the people of Uap, a small island in the little-known Caroline group. Though the German control, with its benign banishment of alcohol, appears to have effaced the old tribal divisions, the islanders retain many of their ancient customs. Their money consists of stone wheels, from one foot to twelve feet in diameter, made of fine limestone; the stealing of money is thus dif-

feult. Well-built clubhouses, for men single and married, are council chambers and places of amusement. An apparent survival of polyandry exists in the custom of assigning one woman as consort to all the men of a clubhouse; such a woman is well cared for by the men (though ignored socially by the women), and not infrequently makes a good marriage. There are songs in a language now unintelligible, perhaps an old forgotten dialect. The religion shows the usual apparatus of ghosts and spirits (these last mostly maleficent), and some not well-defined gods; and magicians, of course, are influential and adroit. The physical type of the people (called Malayan by Furness) is good, and they are fairly good-natured and mildly industrious. Dr. Furness got some cosmogonic stories, but doubts whether they are old; in the form in which he heard them they are very crude, resembling in this respect what he learned of the Uap conceptions of the future life. Taboos for fishermen are enforced; there is no trace of totemism. The chief product of the island is cocoanuts. Copra (the sun-dried meat of ripe cocoanuts) is exported to Europe, where the oil is used in the manufacture of fine soaps.

Judge Francis Cabot Lowell of the United States Circuit Court, and a cousin of A. Lawrence Lowell, died suddenly on Monday at his home in Boston. His only other activities outside his profession were connected with Harvard College, as a fellow and member of the corporation. He was born in Boston in 1855; graduated from Harvard in 1876, and from the Harvard Law School in 1879. Before his elevation to the Federal bench, he found time to contribute to several magazines; he also wrote a book, "Joan of Arc."

Antonio Fogazzaro died in Venice early Tuesday morning, after an operation for cancer of the liver. He was born in Vicenza, March 25, 1842. Early in life, he made himself known to the public by the poem "Miranda," which was followed shortly by a volume of lyrics. Then came "Malombra," a romance; "Daniele Cortis," which pictured a hero humble before God, but rebellious toward mankind; "The Mystery of a Poet," a philosophical romance; "Piccolo Mondo Moderno"; his best known work, "Il Santo," "The Patriot," and "The Man of the World." Fogazzaro will be treated at some length in the *Nation* of next week.

Science

The Evolution of Man: A Popular Scientific Study. By Ernst Haeckel. Translated from the fifth (enlarged) edition by Joseph McCabe. Two volumes, pp. xxxiv+774; sixty genetic tables, thirty plates, and 463 figures in the text. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5 net.

Under the title "Anthropogenie," the original of this work appeared in 1874; the English translation of five years later was noticed in the *Nation* of December 18, 1879. In 1905 was published a translation of the revised and enlarged fifth edition, including, among other notable additions, "the remarkable ef-

fect of mixing human blood with that of other animals," the fossil "ape-man" of Java, and the gigantic gorilla from the Cameroons. The present edition (to give information that should have been supplied by the publishers) seems to be identical in text and illustrations, but the paper is thinner and the pages smaller and fewer (with corresponding reduction of price), and a translator's preface replaces the author's prefaces to the fourth and fifth editions. This last change is regrettable; the author's preface to the fourth edition closed with the significant declaration that "it is impossible for a man to have real self-knowledge unless he is acquainted with the story of his development," and that to the fifth edition frankly expressed the "fear that many errors may have been overlooked; that was inevitable in view of the intricacy of the subject and the defects of the craftsman."

Some mistakes there are, *e. g.*, the interruption of the gill-clefts in fig. 200, the naming of the brain-segments in fig. 339, A, and the designation of plate xxiii, L, as the brain of a "Bushman," whereas it is unmistakably copied from Tiedemann's figure of the brain of a Bushwoman; there are some contradictions, *e. g.*, between fig. 254 and the statement on p. 216 that the spinal cord of amphioxus is a "thin" tube; some unwarranted assumptions, *e. g.*, that man is the "highest" animal (p. 280), that the brain is phylogenetically older than the spinal cord (p. 509), and that inflammation of that "worthless primeval heirloom," the appendix, is commonly due to foreign bodies (p. 660); there are serious omissions, *e. g.*, the sources of many figures, the Sirenia as probable exemplifications of retrograde evolution, and the pons and rectal pouch as distinctive of the mammals and selachians, respectively; there are faulty methods, *e. g.*, too frequent repetitions, the infrequent employment (outside the tables) of clearly demarcated categories, and the absence of a bibliography, for which the foot-note references do not compensate; there are even violations of good taste, *e. g.*, the polemic attitude, the allusion to the elder Agassiz (p. 75), and the ignoring of the contributions of Wilhelm His to human embryology and the development of the brain. But the critic should recognize the stupendous magnitude and difficulty of the task, allow for the intensity of the author's convictions and for his avowed position of advocate rather than judge, and keep in view the mountains of "ignorance and superstition—the worst enemies of the human race"—which he is striving to remove.

From surprisingly diverse sources Haeckel offers evidence that, as to structure and mode of development, man is allied in an ascending scale with all living things, with animals, with vertebrates, with mammals, and with

the apes, so closely that, were it possible to eliminate prejudice, few thoughtful persons would hesitate to conclude that the human body originated like that of any monkey. But our author further maintains, as on p. 575, that "the human soul—a function of the brain—is only a more advanced ape-soul," that neither has any existence apart from the material body, and that the belief in immortality is an "untenable superstition." Whatever their belief, few will concede the logical necessity of these conclusions; some will even adduce the author's own high character, useful life, and brilliant achievements as indicating something more than this visible world. Certainly this work deserves to be read by all who seek to be well-informed; it is particularly commended to the clergy, notwithstanding the author's lack of religious belief and defiance of ecclesiastical authority.

The translation must have been a difficult task and is mainly satisfactory. There is a refreshing absence of the intrusive "Anlage," which besprinkles some publications as if their writers feared non-appreciation of the fact that they were "made in Germany." The translator must be held responsible for a few misprints. Since this edition is dated 1910, Gegenbaur and Kölliker should not be mentioned as if still living. The glossary is very inadequate; *chorion* is omitted and is not clearly described in the text; "eating cells" is a bald equivalent for phagocytes; instead of "the science of rudimentary organs," dysteleology is rather the doctrine of useless vestigial organs; in this, as in other cases, there should be references to the pages where the words are fully discussed. The index omits too many words for enumeration here, and often, as in the case of Huxley, the references are far too few.

Dr. John Warren Achorn is publishing with Moffat, Yard & Co. his "Nature's Help to Health."

Among the science books to be issued by the University of Chicago Press are: "Recent Developments in Agricultural Education," by Benjamin M. Davis; "Some Phases in the Development of the Subjective Point of View During the Post-Aristotelian Period," by Dagny G. Sunne, and "The Problem of Angle-Bisectors," by Richard P. Baker, the last three being pamphlets.

The forthcoming book by Professor Huebner of the University of Pennsylvania, on "Property Insurance," devotes twenty-three chapters to fire insurance, eight to marine insurance, and three to corporate suretyship, title insurance, and credit insurance. The book will be published by D. Appleton & Co., who also promise "Prevention of Infectious Diseases," by Dr. Alvah H. Doty, health officer of the port of New York, and "Principles of Industrial Management," by Prof. John C. Duncan of the University of Illinois.

Jacob Heinrich Van Hoff, who died in Berlin last week, aged eighty-nine, was professor of chemistry at the university of that city. In 1901 he received the Nobel prize of \$40,000 for chemical research and in 1903 he delivered a course of lectures at the University of Chicago.

Dr. Walter Remsen Brinkerhoff, assistant professor of pathology at the Harvard Medical School, and an authority on leprosy, died of pneumonia just a week ago, in Cambridge, at thirty-six years. He was first director of the leprosy-investigating station of the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, in Hawaii. He served from 1906 until 1910, then came to Harvard. He was made a fellow of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in 1904. Last year Dr. Brinkerhoff and his associates, assisted by Dr. Clegg of the United States service in Manila, succeeded in isolating the leprosy germ and finding an artificial medium on which it would feed, and in paving the way for the eventual cure of leprosy by antitoxins.

Drama

THE NEW THEATRE AND A MORAL.

It is not at all necessary to accept at their face value all the various reports which have been and still are current concerning the future of the New Theatre. The exact determination of that matter, probably, is something that still lies upon the knees of the gods, or of the gentlemen who are financially interested in the enterprise. But there are certain facts which are patent to all intelligent observers and which carry with them an instructive moral. How much money the theatre has made or lost, whether it is to be devoted hereafter to drama, spectacle, opera, operetta, vaudeville, or ballet, does not signify. The great point is that it has failed notoriously and grievously to justify the pretensions with which it started, and that an enormous amount of money has been expended, with the very best of intentions, but to very little practical purpose. It is plain that the institution can no longer be conducted profitably—in any sense of the word—under its present policy.

It may be conceded at once that the directors have made good use, in some respects, of the extraordinary opportunities accorded them. They have produced some good plays—"Strife" and "The Thunderbolt" for example—exceedingly well; they have set a valuable example by their minute care with regard to the minor details of stage management; they have provided lavish and artistic decoration; they have produced plays of different types and times. Yet their failures have been far more frequent than their successes and they have fallen lamentably short of the proposed ideal of a representative theatre. It is only in the modern drama that they have displayed executive capacity. In Shake-

spearean tragedy, "Antony and Cleopatra," they achieved a spectacular fiasco. By flagrant miscasting, they robbed "Twelfth Night" of its romantic and poetic charm and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" of its robust merriment. "The School for Scandal" they dulled and spoiled by some fantastic and inscrutable principle of modernization. They first rejected "The Piper" and then imperilled the success of it by putting a woman to play the part of the essentially masculine hero. Many other artistic shortcomings might be proved against them, but it is only fair to remember that they were placed in an almost impossible position. Like the ancient Hebrews in Egypt, they were asked to make bricks without straw.

The simple truth is that the New Theatre was built upon the foundation of a stupendous fallacy, the notion that money can create brains and experience as well as supply material. Doubtless, talent—if existent—may be bought as readily as bricks; but if it does not exist, money cannot make it. The founders of the New Theatre seem to have thought that all they had to do was to construct a marble palace for the drama and endow it, and that all the rest would be easy. They imagined—in the face of warnings—that the ideal stock company of which they dreamed, a stock company capable of playing everything from high tragedy to farce at a moment's notice, could be created by a check. The melancholy fact is that up to the present moment they have made scarcely any real progress toward the establishment of such a company. They have been obliged, from the first, to engage outside players the moment they have attempted to interpret anything but modern drama. So far as the training and development of actors are concerned—in which the great potency and value of a stock company consist—they have improved but little upon the methods of the syndicate. They have offered a variety of entertainment, to be sure, but they have contributed little to the advancement of theatrical art.

If the story be true that the founders meditate the construction of a new and smaller theatre, more fitted for dramatic representations, their past experience ought to teach them many things. The first is that a stock company can be formed only by degrees, that it must be self-sufficient, that reinforcement from the outside is not only contrary to the principle of it, but actually fatal to the spirit which ought to animate it. Moreover, a stock company needs competent direction and instruction, that it may learn something about the arts of speech and gesture. Slovenliness of utterance and carriage may be appropriate enough to the slovenly and illiterate modern play, but are out of place in tragedy, romance, and high comedy. The moral of the New Theatre experience, so far

as it extends, is that good will, liberality, and luxurious ideals are powerless to establish an artistic theatre without the aid of professional and technical experience, and that the logical course is to make sure of our company before taking thought about their permanent home. If the founders of the New Theatre be wise, they will first decide just what they wish to do; they will next find the most competent director to be had for love or money, and then invest him with absolute authority.

The Birthday Festival at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford, will be held from April 17 to May 6.

There will be an interesting opening at the Nazimova Theatre on the 13th instant, when Augustus Thomas's latest play, "As a Man Thinks," will be produced. Mr. Thomas long has occupied a leading position among American dramatists. His plays are apt to furnish not only strong dramatic and human interest, but matter for future reflection. This one is understood to deal with phases of contemporary business life. The principal character in it will be acted by that excellent comedian John Mason, with whom Walter Hale, Vincent Serrano, Chrystal Herne, Amelia Gardner, Charlotte Ives, William Sampson, and John Flood will be associated.

Yet another new play will be offered to public appreciation on the 13th instant. This is a piece entitled "The Confession," of which the central figure is said to be a priest, who, in trying circumstances, exhibits an unwavering fidelity to his trust. Theodore Roberts, Orrin Johnson, Ralph Delmore, and other well-known actors are to participate in the interpretation of the work. The name of the author and the purport of the story have not yet been announced, but the latter may be guessed.

Oscar Asche and Lily Brayton, who are now playing "The Merry Wives of Windsor" with much success in London, will soon appear in a new play, by Edward Knoblauch. This is to be a very elaborate production, the action of the drama taking place in the East.

J. E. Vedrenne and Dennis Eadie will open their joint managerial campaign in the London Royalty Theatre, which has just been completely renovated. Jerome K. Jerome's new play, with which they will begin operations, is in four acts, and is said to deal with a question of much present interest.

On March 20 H. B. Irving begins a provincial tour which he will end at Dublin, on May 6. Six days later he and his wife, Dorothea Baird, sail for Australia, to remain there for six months certainly, and possibly longer. The opening date has been fixed for June 24, either in Melbourne or Sydney. Which piece will be chosen for the occasion has not yet been definitely settled. Mr. Irving's repertory includes "The Bells," "The Lyons Mail," "Louis XI," "Hamlet," and "Faust," of which a special production is to be made. Mr. Irving appearing for the first time as Mephistopheles; also "Princess Clementina," "Jekyll and Hyde," and "Robert Macaire."

"Mr. Jarvis," an adaptation from a novel, which has just been produced in Wyndham's Theatre, London, is spoken of disrespectfully by the London critics. It is a pseudo-historical piece, in which a supposed natural son of James II is made to impersonate the Chevalier de St. Georges, with a view to the betrayal of Bolingbroke and other Tories into the hands of the famous Duchess of Marlborough and her Whig allies. He carries out his part of the intrigue successfully, but falls in love with a fair Tory, and exposes the plot before it has had time to do mischief. H. V. Esmond, Gerald Du Maurier, Leon Quartermain, Henrietta Watson, and other good players were in the cast, but, apparently, could not overcome the inherent dullness of the play.

In "The Influence of Molière on Restoration Comedy" (Columbia University Press), Dr. D. H. Miles commendably avoids some of the dangers in this type of study: he does not struggle to maintain a fancifully original theory; he does not overestimate the influence of his author; and, best of all, he does not regard mere borrowing of materials as equivalent to genuine discipleship in method and purpose. His work is, however, defective in not indicating its relation to previous treatments of the subject. In general it agrees with the conclusions of A. W. Ward, Bennewitz, Charlanne, and Harvey-Jellie; in some particulars it differs from them; but the uninformed reader has no means of distinguishing what is old, undisputed, or new. It would, furthermore, have been well to show how this study complements others of a parallel or a more general character—for example, Miss Canfield's "Corneille and Racine in England," and M. Charlanne's "L'Influence française en Angleterre." The main thesis—that the influence of Molière's art was, on the whole, moderate, but, whenever felt, beneficial—is clearly and soundly established. Dr. Miles seems, however, a little too ready to assume that the comic method of Molière was in every case superior to that of the English masters. He holds the traditional opinion that the Restoration audiences were utterly corrupt, which may seem dubious to any one who remembers their admiration for the heroic drama. Despite such debatable judgments and the imperfections of method, the work deserves to be recognized as useful; for it analyzes and traces the influence of Molière more thoroughly than had been done before.

Music

Sketch of a New Esthetic of Music. By Ferruccio Busoni. New York: G. Schirmer.

The Basis of Musical Pleasure. By Albert Gehring. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

How to Think Music. By Harriet Ayer Seymour. New York: The H. W. Gray Co.

"A New Esthetic of Music" is a rather ambitious title for the forty-five pages of miscellaneous and disjointed remarks which make up Mr. Busoni's little book; nor does a perusal of them

make it quite clear what his "new esthetic" is, unless it be the suggestion that we should adopt the tripartite tone, or third of a tone, in our scale; but this would be nothing new, for such scales have long been in use in the East, while the Greeks apparently had quarter tones. Our present system teaches that there are twenty-four keys, but, in truth, says the author, we have at command only two, the major key and the minor key, the rest being merely transpositions, and "when a well-known face looks out of a window, it matters not whether it gazes down from the first story or the third." Be it so; but what marvellous works of art the masters have created with these "two keys," from Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" to Beethoven's ninth symphony and Wagner's "Götterdämmerung"! In the face of such mature and stupendous works of genius, one reads with astonishment that music is "a child that has learned to walk, but must still be led." It is also amusing to read that the harmony of to-day—and, therefore, that of all the great masters of the last three centuries—is "not for long; for all signs presage a revolution." The author might have added that the revolution is already on. Debussy, D'Indy, and Dukas in France, Strauss, and Reger, and a dozen others in Germany, are putting out their tongues and making dissonant faces at the harmonic system of the present and past. They would dearly welcome the tripartite tone as a new method of jugglery useful for hiding the inability to create melodies. Let a new Schubert, or Grieg, or MacDowell come, and he will not feel the need of a revolution in harmony.

There are some curious contradictions in Mr. Busoni's comments. On one page he asserts that Beethoven "incontestably achieved the greatest progress on and for the piano," and on another page he unwittingly corrects this assertion by writing that "most of Beethoven's piano compositions sound like transcriptions of orchestral works"; which is true, but cannot be said of a single piece by Chopin, the real discoverer of the pianoforte soul and of the possibilities of the pedal. It is odd that Busoni, who is most favorably known as a player of Liszt, makes no mention of him except once where he notes that in isolated passages he anticipated Debussy. But some of the aphorisms in the book are written in the true Lisztian spirit: "Is it not singular to demand of a composer originality in all things, and to forbid it as regards form? No wonder that, once he becomes original, he is accused of 'formlessness.'" And again:

All composers have drawn nearest the true nature of music in preparatory and intermediate passages (preludes and transitions) where they felt at liberty to disregard symmetrical proportions, and unconsciously drew free breath. . . . But, the

moment they cross the threshold of the principal subject, their attitude becomes stiff and conventional, like that of a man entering some bureau of high officialdom.

Dr. Theodore Baker has made an excellent translation of these pages of Busoni, which are not likely to overshadow his fame as a pianist. Nor can it be said that Mr. Gehring's "Basis of Musical Pleasure" does much to elucidate the problems of tonal aesthetics. One of the essays included in this volume is on the expression of emotions in music; in it the author avows that he has solved a controversy which for half a century has vexed the thoughts and stirred the passions of musical theorists. We are sorry we cannot share his satisfaction; sorry, also, to have to add that the whole book strikes us as an ill-digested treatise on the theories of Hanslick, Vischer, Schopenhauer, Sully, Gurney, and others who have written on the chaotic subject of musical aesthetics.

Of far more value, practical as well as æsthetic, is Harriet Ayer Seymour's little book, "How to Think in Music." It comes nearer to solving the highly important problem of how to interest young pupils in music than any book we have seen. In one typical case a girl, artistic to her very finger-tips, had been "learning to play the piano" for six years and had come to hate music. She was a victim of the prevalent mechanical mode of teaching. On being questioned, she admitted that there was one thing that interested her—a tune written by herself. "I loved to do it, and I can sing it." Here she had used her own mind, and the exercise of it had made her happy. "Teachers will find that all children are interested in thinking music, and that the interest grows where otherwise it is apt to flag." So well does this plan work that parents have become interested in the children's work to such an extent as to take up their own study of music once more. The value of folksongs is dilated on, and the author has found that boys like the Wagner motives, some of which are as simple as folksongs. For her method of teaching children to think music before playing it, the reader must be referred to the book itself.

The season at Covent Garden will open April 22 and will end July 29.

The revival of Mozart's "Magic Flute" in Berlin is to be characterized by unprecedented scenic splendors.

D'Albert's "Tieffand," a failure in New York, was recently performed in Berlin the three hundredth time, and in the season 1909-10 it had more performances in Germany's theatres than any other opera.

Oscar Hammerstein's London Opera House is already some eighteen feet above the pavement. It will have, among other things which his Manhattan Opera House lacked, arrangements for providing clean

air, the fresh air being forced into the auditorium at each level, and extracted by means of exhaust fans in the roof.

The most important musical event in Europe next autumn will be the Liszt Centenary Festival at Heidelberg (October 22-25). Its conductors will be Strauss, Wolf-
rum, Hausegger, and Mottl.

It is stated that Richard Strauss has cut and changed his "Rosenkavalier" in the version to be given at Berlin and Vienna.

Novello of London has published the Coronation Hymn, "The King, O Lord, in Thee This Day Rejoices." The words are by Dean Armitage Robinson and the music is adopted by Sir Frederick Bridge from Percy Godfrey's "Musicians' Company Coronation March."

Art

The announcement of Messrs. Jack of London includes a "History of Painting," by Haldane Macfall, in eight volumes, beginning with the Renaissance in Central Italy, and ending with the Modern Genius and the Painters of Japan.

The first volume of the "Dictionnaire des peintres, sculpteurs, dessinateurs, graveurs, etc., de tous les temps et de tous les pays" (Roger & Chernoviz), by French and foreign specialists under the direction of E. Bénézit, was announced for the end of January—price in subscription 50 francs, after publication 60 francs; the entire work, if it reaches three volumes, will be sold for 100 francs. It is to contain the biography of each artist; list of his works in museums, public buildings, etc.; the same in great collections; works that appeared in salons and expositions; prices obtained by the works at public sales; monograms and marks of particular collections, and signatures of principal artists, with a dictionary of monograms at the end of the entire work.

To characterize such a book as Mrs. Russell Barrington's "Essays on the Purpose of Art" (Longmans) with the civility expected in this column is difficult. The body of doctrine is drawn largely from the author's published lives of Watts and Leighton, who were her friends. Much is made of the contrast between British (i. e., sincere and moral) idealism and the sensationism and dryly intellectual impressionism which are French. To illustrate the point there is a long parallel between Delacroix and Leighton, where the apogee of solemnly well-informed futility is attained. The longueurs of the book are appalling as is the constant repetition of the same quotations and illustrations.

Buffalmacco's frescoes of the passion in the choir of the Badia, Florence, have recently been discovered behind a renaissance party wall, and now are published and described by Péleo Bacci in the January number of the *Bollettino d'Arte*. The recovered subjects include the Flagellation, March to Calvary, Ecce Homo, and Judas Hanging Himself. These themes are treated with a breadth of light and shade that anticipates Masaccio. A vehement realism, wholly alien to the nobility of Giotto, characterizes the work. Buffalmacco appears as a very great master akin to Pietro Lorenzetti, but much

his superior. Dr. Bacci dates these extraordinary frescoes between the years 1330 and 1340. This discovery will evidently involve considerable rewriting of the history of early Florentine painting.

Of all the alleged portraits of Shakespeare, the so-called death mask is perhaps the only one which possesses features of sufficient charm to do no overt violence to one's mental image of the poet—unless it be the Chandos portrait, but that has earrings! Unfortunately, the death mask is of somewhat obscure pedigree. It was found in a Mainz junk-shop by Ludwig Becker, a portrait-painter, in the middle of the last century; it had been picked up by Count Kesselstadt on a journey to England at the end of the eighteenth century; it has the date of Shakespeare's death, 1616, scratched into the plaster of Paris; that is really all we know of it. Professor Owen, the anatomist, and William Page, the American artist, among many others, have argued for the genuineness of the mask; but none more enthusiastically than Paul Wislicenus ("Shakespeare's Totenmaske"; Lemcke & Buechner). The Baconians have made the subject of Shakespeare's portraits their peculiar province, but Wislicenus attacks them with an eloquent fervor equal to their own. He attacks, too, Mrs. Stope's theory that the present bust of the Stratford monument was set up in 1746 in place of an earlier one, without pen and paper, to be seen pictured in Dugdale's "Warwickshire" (1656). The Dugdale portrait he describes as that of a failing hypochondriac, pressing a thick pillow to his abdomen in evident physical distress; a bad and careless sketch, as were those in Rowe's (1709) and Bell's (1788) Shakespeares, which show quite different heads. The reproduction in Pope's edition (1725), however, agrees closely with the present, that is, according to him, the original form of the bust and of the monument. The Stratford bust he believes to have been made from the Kesselstadt death mask, with the eyes opened, the cheeks fattened, and an expression of bourgeois geniality spread over the countenance by a local artisan. Apart from the discussion of Mrs. Stope's theory the booklet contains little that is new. The nineteen reproductions are excellent.

Stephan Beissel's recent volume, "Geschichte der Verehrung Maria in Deutschland während des Mittelalters" (Freiburg and St. Louis), is an excellent compendium. The author traces the worship of the Virgin back to Merovingian times, and proves that it is of Gallo-Roman origin. The 670 odd pages contain an exhaustive study of the material in the fields of literature and sculpture. There are 300 illustrations, many of works of art which have never before been reproduced.

Of all the Italian schools of painting that of Naples in the seventeenth century has received the least attention. Quite recently, however, we have noted a revival of this school, promoted especially by the director of the Corsini Gallery in Rome, and by the German, Voss, of the Berlin Museum. In this connection we welcome a new book by Wilhelm Rolf, entitled, "Geschichte der Malerei Neapels" (Leipzig: E. A. Seemann). The little that had been written on the subject embodied the worthless assertions of the lying De Dominici, who, in the thirties of the eighteenth century, ambitious to become

the Vasari of Neapolitan art, counterfeited a whole mass of documents. The author has steered clear of these forgeries, and has created, for the first time, a standard book. He begins with the mural decorations of the Catacombs of San Gennaro and ends with the rococo painters; 140 plates illustrate the text. The only objection to the book is Rolf's curious habit of transliterating the names of Italian artists into German. We find "Jotto" instead of Giotto, "Johann Baptist" instead of Giovanni Battista, and, worst of all, "Elerschloss" in place of Castello dell'Ovo.

The book of Walter Limburger, "Die Gebäude von Florenz" (Leipzig: Brockhaus), is a thoroughly trustworthy reference book on the architectural history of Florence. It enumerates in alphabetical order 728 different buildings, ecclesiastical as well as secular, with concise topographical and historical information. There is an index of architects, and there is an alphabetical list of the names of streets, squares, etc., in Florence, together with a short account of the changes the names have undergone. Of the two volumes the second reproduces an exceedingly interesting chart of 1783. It would have been advisable to include also the wood-cut of Florence made about 1490, which is to be found in the Berlin Print Room, and which was first published a few years ago by Professor Brockhaus. The author has made use of all the latest investigations, and was careful in the choice of his authorities. The book is handsomely bound and well printed on light paper.

That accomplished student of English Gothic, Francis Bond, continues his series on "Woodcarving in English Churches" with a second volume, "Stalls and Tabernacle Work" (Frowde). The record is carried with plentiful illustrations from the scanty remnant of Romanesque stalls into the seventeenth century. As usual, Mr. Bond provides what ecclesiastical history is necessary to the understanding of these constructions. For elaborate beauty nothing surpasses the fourteenth century choir of Lincoln, though the perished tabernacles of York, of which drawings are fortunately available, were of a more complicated sort. The tabernacles of Lancaster Cathedral illustrate consummately the fantastic charm of the fully developed decorated style. This useful book closes appropriately with a chapter on bishops' thrones and similar seats of authority.

The death is announced from Paris, in his fifty-sixth year, of Emile Cagniat, landscape painter and member of the Société des Artistes Français. He is remembered particularly for his *Vue du Palais de Justice*, which was acquired by the state, and for views of the Meuse valley in Belgium.

John Mervyn Carrère, who died in New York last week of injuries received in an automobile accident, was an architect of national fame. He was born of American parents in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in 1858; was educated first in Switzerland, and later graduated from the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris. In partnership with Thomas Hastings, since 1884, he designed the Ponce de Leon and Alcazar Hotels in St. Augustine, Fla., the New York Public Library, the National Academy of Design, and other notable buildings.

Finance

A FALL IN RAILWAY EARNINGS.

Just as the Stock Exchange was seemingly passing into a state of outright cheerfulness—the railway rate decision itself, all circumstances considered, being cited as a stimulus to financial confidence—a sudden relapse in prices occurred, which for a day or two revived the gloomy sentiments of the week before. By some observers, this setback was ascribed to the call for an extra session of Congress, which by that time, with the Senate's failure to act on Canadian reciprocity, had become inevitable. The ground alleged by Wall Street for apprehension was that the Congress called for an extra session on April 4 is the Congress elected in the "land-slide" of last November; that the Democratic majority cannot be restricted to action on reciprocity alone, and that if it takes up the tariff as a whole, it may open a Pandora's box of disturbing possibilities.

This consideration may have had its influence; but that influence was certainly secondary to another. While it was being discussed, the great railways of the country were publishing their full reports of gross and net earnings for January. Those statements were conflicting in their tendencies. Some showed gains over 1910, while others showed losses. Some reported largely increased operating expenditure, others did not. But the general run of comparisons was unfavorable. Now net receipts had on many roads been comparing unfavorably since the middle of 1910. That had caused no surprise; the increase in railway wages had a good deal to do with it; but it was calculated that in due course the expansion of gross receipts would take care of that. What startled the Stock Exchange in last week's January statements was the fact that, on so many lines, gross revenue itself showed a downward tendency.

Every one knew, as long ago as the beginning of last autumn, that a severe trade reaction was in progress in this country. People had seen the Steel Corporation's earnings fall from forty million dollars in the June quarter to thirty-seven millions in the three months ending with September, and to twenty-six millions for the last quarter of the year. This was a decrease of 35 per cent. in value of the commodities turned out for customers. The country's monthly iron production simultaneously decreased to a figure 34 per cent. below that at the end of 1909. This was safe measure of the general tendency of trade.

But the railway earnings, in the last months of 1910, did not seem to show the consequences. Even November, by

the Interstate Commerce figures, gave the railways a million dollars more revenue than the year before, and December, by the *Financial Chronicle's* preliminary returns, scored a new high record for the month—the net, indeed, decreasing from 1909, but gross increasing \$11,300,000.

How was this possible? If we can answer that, we may throw some light on the January statements. The explanation is, that volume of railway traffic cannot instantly reflect a decline in business activity. According to the last annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the railroads hauled in twelve months 149,000,000 tons of agricultural products, 39,000,000 tons of products of animals, 771,000,000 tons of freight from mines, 165,000,000 tons from forests, and 333,000,000 tons of manufactured goods, merchandise, and miscellaneous freight—a total of 1,549,700,000 tons. Such a volume of business meant weeks and months of planning and ordering ahead on the part of the mercantile community. In some instances, weeks elapsed between the time of shipment and the day of delivery; in many cases, these were supplies and materials for half-finished work on industrial undertakings—work that had to be continued to prevent absolute loss of money already invested. Traffic of such proportions continues to move for a considerable time under its own momentum. This principle was never more apparent than in the sequel to the panic of 1907, when business throughout the country came to a dead halt in October; but when it was December before the first decrease in railway earnings appeared.

The January earnings statements are therefore quite in line with precedent; the remarkable fact, indeed, is that they show so little uniformity of contracting earnings. Union and Southern Pacific report for the month decreases in gross of \$200,000 and \$406,000, respectively; Atchison a gain of \$544,000; Pennsylvania and Lake Shore reductions of \$337,000 and \$157,000; New York Central an increase of \$298,000; Reading and Lake Erie and Western decreases of \$72,000 and \$26,000. Thus some of the roads even now show gains.

But the tendency for January was plainly downward, and the question is, what the railways will have to show in future months. For this, one may profitably go back again to the panic of 1907. After December of that year, monthly gross earnings continued to decrease from the year before, until May showed a falling off of \$38,000,000, compared with a loss of only \$3,000,000 in December. Then the decreases began to grow smaller, until December, 1908, when an increase of \$9,400,000 was reported. What had happened is shown by the reduction from \$50,963,000 in 1907 to \$48,311,000 in 1908 in appropri-

ations for maintenance of way and the reduction from \$50,125,000 to \$46,642,000 in appropriations for maintenance of equipment.

It has been the history of our railroads that decreases, whether in gross or in net earnings, are not sustained for any great length of time. During the trade reaction of 1903 and 1904, a halt occurred in gross and a sharp reaction was experienced in net; but 1905 witnessed new high records in both gross and net, and in each succeeding year the record was broken anew, until 1908. The recovery of 1909 brought earnings almost back to the high level of 1907, and in 1910 all previous high records were surpassed. These are the figures for the past decade, giving yearly receipts of all the companies per mile of road, and thus making due allowance for the effect of increased mileage:

	Gross.	Net.
1910	\$11,822	\$3,913
1909	10,509	3,498
1908	10,583	3,180
1907	11,275	3,845
1906	10,369	3,676
1905	9,507	3,309
1904	9,208	3,115
1903	9,170	3,238
1902	8,543	3,143
1901	8,043	2,951

During the year 1910 the railroads spent \$60,572,000 for maintenance of way and \$54,388,000 for maintenance of equipment—almost twice as much as had been spent in any year up to 1906. As a result, the railroads are in better physical condition to-day and better able to stand a temporary falling off in earnings than ever before in their history.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Acker, P. *Les Exilés*. Paris: Plon. 3.50 francs.
 Aulard, A. *Napoléon Ier et le Monopole Universitaire*. Paris: A. Colin. 4 francs.
 Bacheller, I. *Keeping Up with Lizzie*. Harper. \$1 net.
 Bacon, J. D. *While Caroline Was Growing*. Macmillan. \$1.50.
 Bailey, L. H. *The Outlook to Nature*. New and revised edition. Macmillan. \$1.25 net.
 Barclay, Mrs. H. *Trevor Lordship*. Macmillan. \$1.20 net.
 Baring, M. *Diminutive Dramas*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1.25 net.

Financial.

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- Bigelow, M. M. *A False Equation: The Problem of the Great Trust*. Boston: Little, Brown. \$1.50 net.
- Blackley, H. A. *A Gentleman of the Road*. Lane. \$1.50.
- Bourgeois, E. *Le Secret de Dubois, Cardinal et Premier Ministre (la Diplomatie secrète au XVIIIe siècle—III)*. Paris: A. Colin. 10 francs.
- Brandes, G. *Ferdinand Lassalle*. Macmillan. \$2 net.
- Brown, J. W. *Florence Past and Present*. London: Rivington.
- Chambers, R. W. *The Adventures of a Modest Man*. Appleton. \$1.30 net.
- Collas, E. *Valentine de Milan, duchess d'Orléans*. Paris: Pion. 7.50 francs.
- Coppée, F. *The Guilty Man*. English version by R. H. Davis. Dillingham. \$1.50.
- Gallon, T. *The Rogue's Heiress*. Dillingham. \$1.50 net.
- Curwood, J. O. *The Honor of the Big Snows*. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.25 net.
- Drummond, H. *The Justice of the King*. Macmillan. \$1.20 net.
- Durieux, J. *Las Vainqueurs de la Bastille*. Paris: H. Champion.
- Eastman, C. A. *The Soul of the Indian*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$1 net.
- Eckardt, H. M. P. *A Rational Banking System*. Harper. \$1.50.
- English Melodies from the 13th to the 18th Century: One Hundred Songs. Edited, with notes, by V. Jackson. Dutton. \$3 net.
- Finney, L. E. *Dan's Ministry*. Broadway Pub. Co. \$1.50.
- Flournoy, Th. *Esprits et Médiums*. Paris: Fischbacher. 7.50 francs.
- Fouquieres, A. de. *De l'Art, de l'Elégance, de la Charité*. Paris: Fontemoing. 3.50 francs.
- Frenssen, G. *Klaus Hirsch Baas*. Translated by E. E. Lape and E. F. Read. Macmillan. \$1.50.
- Gade, J. A. *Cathedrals of Spain*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. \$5 net.
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